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365

Stories

Every day is a *special day* for
a *special story*.



An Important Request

السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته

To our respected readers

الحمد لله, we have finally completed this book and we would like you all to know that we have tried our best to print this book with correct references and without errors so that whatever is stated is authentic and referenced. However, to err is human, and so, should you find any mistake, room for further improvement or if you have any suggestions or comments, please write to us about it so that we can make sure that the next print is error free. الحمد لله, a lot of effort has gone into the editing and designing of this book and we hope that our readers will be happy with the result and pray for the acceptance of our endeavours.

جَزَاكَ اللهُ خَيْرًا

Waiting for your precious suggestions,

A courtesy of:

Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

inspiring, instructive, informative & interesting

365 Stories

Part - 4

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The Perfect Gift

السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته

What is the best gift that a Muslim can give to another Muslim?

Do you know that the best gift to give to your Muslim brethren is knowledge about religious affairs? If you feel, after reading this book, that it can benefit your family, friends, business relations, schools, colleges and others; then send them this book. This will ensure:

1. That you will be practicing the hadith - "تهادوا تحابوا" which means - "Exchanging gifts will increase mutual love".
2. That you will be investing in your hereafter as well as dispensing your duty to your Muslim brethren.
3. That you will get the blessings of promoting knowledge and religious information.

Therefore, try to make this book available to as many people as you can. Send a copy to your local Masjid, library, clinic and school to fulfil your religious duty.

A Word from the Publisher

Dear friends,

Allah ﷻ has informed us of the past nations, the good and the bad people. This has been done so that we know what is right and what is wrong, and this helps us be better people. The way good people lived and the blessings showered on them inspires us to do the same, while reading about the punishments on the sinners makes an intelligent person think and try to keep away from such deeds.

Therefore, reading about the incidents and stories from the lives of Prophets ﷺ and noble people influences us to perform good deeds. Hazrat Junaid Baghdadi رضى الله عنه said that stories are an army from the armies of Allah ﷻ and that through these; Allah ﷻ gives peace of heart and steadfastness on faith.

Allah ﷻ says,

“We narrate to you all such stories from the events of the messengers as We strengthen your heart therewith.” (Hud: 120)

Rasulullah ﷺ has stressed on the education and upbringing of children. A few Hadith say the following:-

- 1- Teach your sons swimming.
- 2- Teach your subordinates Surah Yousuf.
- 3- Teach your children to read Salaat when they are seven years old.

There are numerous other Ahadith as well as stories from the life of Rasulullah ﷺ.

That place great importance on the education and upbringing of children.

Alhamdulillah, the Bait-ul-Ilm has published many books in Urdu and English like the Zouqo-Shouq Series, Storytime and Bedtime Stories. And now, dear friends, another series is here with a total of 365 stories so that you have at least one story or interesting read to satisfy your appetite every day.

You will read in these stories about the greatness of Allah ﷻ, the love for Rasulallah ﷺ, good manners, respect of parents and elders, firmness and courage. This book has stories, facts, jokes and quotes. I am grateful to Hafiz Muhammad Ahsan and Brother Asim Bharoocha, and I request you all to remember me and them in your prayers.

Yours sincerely

Muhammad Hanif Abdul Majeed

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

365 STORIES (PART-4)

The Boy and the Ant

One morning a boy sat for nearly an hour watching a tiny ant carry a huge feather in my back terrace. Several times obstacles in its path confronted it and after a momentary pause, it would make the necessary detour.

At one point the ant had to negotiate a very small crack in the wall. After brief contemplation the ant laid the feather over the crack, walked across it and picked up the feather on the other side, then continued on its way. The boy was fascinated by the ingenuity of this ant, one of Allah's **تبارك وتعالى** smallest creatures. It served to reinforce the miracle of creation. Here was a minute insect, lacking in size yet equipped with a brain to reason, explore, discover and overcome. But these ants, like the two-legged co-residents of this planet, also share failings.

After some time the ant finally reached its destination - a flowerbed at the end of the terrace and a small hole that was the entrance to its underground home. And it was here that the ant finally met its match. How could that large feather possibly fit down a small hole? Of course it couldn't. So the ant, after all this trouble and exercising great ingenuity, overcoming problems all along the way, just abandoned the feather and went home.

The ant had not thought the problem through before it began its

365 STORIES (PART-4)

journey and in the end the feather was nothing more than a burden. Isn't life like that!

The boy was also burdened with the thoughts of what would happen to his toys, his new clothes and all. Because his father had suffered a big loss in business, they had to move to a smaller home. He was told that most of his toys would also be sold.

But now his troubles were over. He knew that in the end, he would have to leave them all anyway. So he thought it was okay if he had to leave many things now.



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Playing with words – 1

I wondered why the baseball was getting bigger; then it hit me.

Police were called to a day-care where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.

Did you hear about the guy whose whole left side was cut off? He's all right now.

The biggest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference.

The butcher backed up into the meat grinder and got a little behind in his work.

To write with a broken pencil is pointless.

When fish are in schools they sometimes take debate.

The short fortune teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.

Did you hear about the thief who stole a calendar and got twelve months?

A thief fell and broke his leg in wet cement and became a hardened criminal.

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When the smog lifts in Los Angeles, U.C.L.A.

The professor discovered that her theory of earthquakes was on shaky ground.

The dead batteries were given out free of charge.

If you take a laptop computer for a run you could jog your memory.

A dentist and a manicurist fought tooth and nail.

A bicycle can't stand alone; it is two tired.

A will is a dead giveaway.

Time flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana.

A backward poet writes inverse.



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Not Yet

There was an old man and his wife. They used to go to England to shop in the beautiful stores. They both liked antiques and pottery and especially teacups.

One day, in a beautiful shop, they saw a beautiful teacup.

They said, "May we see that? We've never seen one quite so beautiful." As the lady handed it to them, the teacup suddenly spoke.

"You don't understand," it said. "I haven't always been a teacup. There was a time when I was red and I was clay. My master took me and rolled me and patted me over and over and I yelled out, 'Let me alone', but he only smiled, 'Not yet.'

"Then I was placed on a spinning wheel," the teacup said, "and suddenly I was spun round and round and round. Stop it! I'm getting dizzy! I screamed. But the master only nodded and said, 'Not yet.'

'Then he put me in the oven. I never felt such heat. I wondered why he wanted to burn me, and I yelled and knocked at the door. I could see him through the opening and I could read his lips, as he shook his head, 'Not yet.'

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'Finally the door opened, he put me on the shelf, and I began to cool. 'There, that's better', I said. And he brushed and painted me all over. The fumes were horrible. I thought I would gag. 'Stop it, stop it!' I cried. He only nodded, 'Not yet.'

'Then suddenly he put me back into the oven, not like the first one. This was twice as hot and I knew I would suffocate. I begged. I pleaded. I screamed. I cried. All the time I could see him through the opening, nodding his head saying, 'Not yet.'

'Then I knew there wasn't any hope. I would never make it. I was ready to give up. But the door opened and he took me out and placed me on the shelf. One hour later he handed me a mirror and I couldn't believe it was I. It's beautiful. I'm beautiful.'

'I want you to remember, then,' he said, 'I know it hurts to be rolled and patted, but if I had left you alone, you would have dried up. I know it made you dizzy to spin around on the wheel, but if I had stopped, you would have crumbled. I knew it hurt and was hot and disagreeable in the oven, but if I hadn't put you there, you would have cracked. I know the fumes were bad when I brushed and painted you all over, but if I hadn't done that, you never would have hardened; you would not have had any colour in your life. And if I hadn't put you back in that second oven, you wouldn't have survived for very long because the hardness would not have held. Now you are a finished product. You are now what I had in mind when I first began with you'.



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The Beggar Won, the Emperor Lost

An emperor was coming out of his palace for his morning walk when he met a beggar. He asked the beggar, "What do you want?"

The beggar laughed and said, "You are asking me as though you can fulfil my desire." The king was offended.

He said, "Of course I can fulfil your desire. What is it? Just tell me." And the beggar said, "Think twice before you promise anything." The beggar was no ordinary beggar.

The king insisted, "I will fulfil anything you ask. I am a very powerful emperor, what can you possibly desire that I cannot provide you with?" The beggar said, "It is a very simple desire. You see this begging bowl? Can you fill it with something?"

The emperor said, "Of course!" He called one of his Viziers and told him, "Fill this man's begging bowl with money." The Vizier went and got some money and poured it into the bowl, and it disappeared. And he poured more and more, but the moment he would pour it, it would disappear. And the begging bowl remained always empty.

The whole palace gathered. By and by rumour spread throughout the capital, and a huge crowd gathered. The prestige of the emperor was at

365 STORIES (PART-4)

stake. He said to his Viziers, "If the whole kingdom is lost, I am ready to lose it, but I cannot be defeated by this beggar."

Diamonds and pearls and emeralds, his treasures were emptying. The begging bowl seemed to be bottomless. Everything that was put into it -- everything! -- immediately disappeared, and went out of existence. Finally it was evening, and people were standing there in utter silence. The king dropped at the feet of the beggar and admitted his defeat.

He said, "Just tell me one thing. You are victorious - but before you leave, please answer me. What is the begging bowl made of?"

The beggar laughed and said, "There is no secret. It is simply made up of human desire, which knows no end. The only way to satisfy it is to stop fulfilling its demands."



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Animal Facts

- The catfish has the highest number of taste buds amongst all animals, having over 27,000 of them. Wonder what it tastes like!
- A lion in the wild usually makes no more than 20 kills a year.
- If you keep a goldfish in the dark room, it will eventually turn white.
- A horse has 18 more bones than a human.
- Giraffes have no vocal cords. Shoo! Quiet!
- A full-grown bear can run as fast as a horse.
- The world's smallest mammal is the bumblebee bat of Thailand, weighing less than a penny.
- The opening to the cave in which a bear hibernates is always on the North Slope.
- An ostrich's eyes are bigger than its brain.
- The hippopotamus do 80% of their speaking under water.
- Polar bears are left-handed.

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- A cat has 32 muscles in each ear.
- Starfish don't have brains.
- A hippopotamus can run faster than a man.
- The blue whale is the largest animal that ever lived, reaching 100 feet (30 m) in length and weighing 150 tons.
- Camels chew in a figure 8 pattern.
- Proportional to their size, cats have the largest eyes of all mammals.
- Flies jump backwards when they take off.
- Sailfish can leap out of the water and into the air at a speed of 50 miles (81 km) per hour.



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Tension (Anonymous)

The moment you are in TENSION
You will lose your ATTENTION
Then you are in total CONFUSION
And you will feel IRRITATION
This may spoil many a RELATION
Ultimately, you won't get COOPERATION
And get things into COMPLICATION
Then you will fail to take PRECAUTION
And you may have to take MEDICATION
Why not understand the SITUATION
And to think about a SOLUTION
Problems are solved through DISCUSSION
Which do good for your POSITION
Do not take it as a SUGGESTION
It is also a PREVENTION
If you understand my INTENTION
You will never be in TENSION!!!!!!!!!!!!

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Jokes for You

Two boys were travelling in a bus, and were sitting next to each other.

One boy exclaimed: "Do you know? Deep breathing kills the germs!"

The other boy: "But how can we make the germs take a deep breath?"

Mother (to child): Wake up! Wake up! You are getting late!

Child: Mom I don't want to go to school

Mother: But why?

Child: I saw a dream

Mother: What dream?

Child: I was running a 100-metre race!

Mother: So?

Child: I am tired.

q) What is the opposite of titanic?

a) Looseanic

Ahsan: Why are you not going to play with us today?

Asim: I am helping my father do my homework.

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Father: Look at these bills! Rent, telephone, electricity, shopping etc. The costs are going up on all of them! I would be very happy if just one thing went down.

Son: Dad, my report card!

Ramiz went with his brother to the zoo. In the leopard's cage they saw a sign that read-WET PAINT.

"Oh!" Ramiz's brother said, "I always thought that leopard's spots were real".

Mum, are the neighbours very poor people?

I don't think so. Why do you ask?

Because they made such a fuss when their baby swallowed a coin.

Parent: "I'd like a day without punishing you."

Child: "You have my full permission!"

Son: "Mum!! May I have an apple?"

Mother: "But you have just had your lunch!"

Son: "Yes Mum, but an apple a day keeps the doctor away and I have just broken his window"

A boy came home from school and his dad asked, "Have you had your homework marked?"

The boy replied "Yes, but I'm afraid that you didn't do very well"!

Two kids were always boasting about their fathers.

First one: Do you know the Suez Canal?

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Second one: Yes I know.

First one: My father dug it.

Second one: Do you know the Dead Sea?

First one: Yes.

Second one: My father killed it.



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Beautiful Sayings of Rasulullah ﷺ

Anas رضي الله عنه reported that the Prophet ﷺ said, 'The amount of reward is in accordance with the amount of suffering. When Allah تعالى loves some people, He tries them (with afflictions). He who then is content (with Allah's تعالى decree), has achieved the acceptance (of Allah تعالى), and he who is dissatisfied (with Allah's تعالى decree) will attain the anger (of Allah تعالى).

(At-Tirmidhi, Kita-ul-Zhud, Hadith no: 2320)

Abu Sa'id and Abu Huraira رضي الله عنهما reported that they heard Allah's Messenger ﷺ as saying: Never a believer is stricken with discomfort, hardship or sorrows, suffering or even pricked by a thorn that his sins are not expiated for him.

(Sahih al-Bukhari, Kitabul-Muraza, no: 5210)

'Aisha رضي الله عنها narrated, that the Prophet ﷺ was asked, "What deeds are loved most by Allah Ta'ala?"

He said, "The most regular constant deeds even though they may be few."

He added, "Don't take upon yourselves, except the deeds which are within your ability."

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'No one of you is a believer until he desires for his brother that which he desires for himself.' (Sahih al-Bukhari, Kitabul Imaan, no: 12)

Allah's Apostle ﷺ said:

Do you know what is backbiting?

They (the Companions) رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمْ said: Allah تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى and His Apostle ﷺ know best.

Thereupon he (the Prophet ﷺ) said: Backbiting implies your talking about your brother in a manner, which he does not like. It was said to him: What is your opinion about something I actually find (that failing) in my brother which I made a mention of? He said: If (that failing) is actually found (in him) what you assert, you in fact have committed backbiting, and if that is not in him it is a slander.

(Sahih Muslim, Kitabul Birr, Hadith no: 6265)

"The Merciful One shows mercy to those who are themselves merciful (to others). So show mercy to whatever is on earth, then He who is in heaven will show mercy to you." (Tirmidhi, Kitabul-Birr, Hadith no: 1847)

"He who does not thank people does not thank Allah تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى".

(Tirmidhi, Kitabul-Birr, Hadith no: 1877)



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Three Old Men

A woman came out of her house and saw three old men with long white beards sitting in her front yard. She did not recognize them. She said,

“I don’t think I know you, but you must be hungry. Please come in and have something to eat.”

“Is the man of the house home?” they asked.

“No”, she said. “He’s out”.

“Then we cannot come in,” they replied”.

In the evening when her husband came home, she told him what had happened.

“Go tell them I am home and invite them in!” The woman went out and invited the men in.

“We do not go into a house together,” they replied.

“Why is that?” She wanted to know.

One of the old men explained: “His name is Wealth,” he said, pointing to one of his friends, and said pointing to another one, “He is

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Success, and I am Love.” Then he added, “Now go in and discuss with your husband which one of us you want in your home”

The woman went in and told her husband what was said. Her husband was overjoyed.

“Wealth! Let him come and fill our home with wealth!” His wife disagreed. “My dear, why don’t we invite Success?” Their daughter-in-law was listening from the other corner of the house. She jumped in with her own suggestion: “Would it not be better to invite Love?” Our home will then be filled with love!”

“Let us heed our daughter-in-law’s advice,” said the husband to his wife. “Go out and invite Love to be our guest.” The woman went out and asked the three old men, “Which one of you is Love? Please come in and be our guest.” Love got up and started walking toward the house. The other two also got up and followed him. Surprised, the lady asked Wealth and Success: “I only invited Love, Why are you coming in?” The old men replied together; “If you had invited Wealth or Success, the other two of us would’ve stayed back, but since you invited Love, wherever he goes, we go with him.” Wherever there is Love, there is also Wealth and Success!



365 STORIES (PART-4)

SHORT STORIES-1

The lamp

A lamp soaked with too much oil and flaring brightly, boasted that it gave more light than the sun. Then a sudden puff of wind arose, and the lamp was immediately extinguished. Its owner lit it again, and said: "Boast no more, but henceforth be content to give thy light in silence."

Straws Show How the Wind Blows

A man had a wife who was disliked by all the members of his household. Wishing to find out if she had the same effect on the people in her father's house, he made some excuse to send her home to visit her father. After a short time she returned, and when he inquired how she had got on and how the servants had treated her, she replied,

"The herdsmen and shepherds cast on me looks of aversion."

He said, "O wife, if you were disliked by those who go out early in the morning with their flocks and return late in the evening, what must have been felt towards you by those with whom you passed the whole day?"

Notoriety is often Mistaken for Fame

A dog used to run up quietly to the heels of everyone he met, and to bite them without notice. His owner hung a bell about his neck so that

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the dog might give notice of his presence wherever he went. Thinking it a mark of distinction, the dog grew proud of his bell and went tinkling it all over the marketplace. One day an old hound said to him, "Why do you make such an exhibition of yourself? That bell that you carry is not, believe me, any order of merit, but on the contrary a mark of disgrace, a public notice to all men to avoid you as ill-mannered."



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Smile Only - 1

Good sons

Three sons left home, went out on their own and prospered. Getting back together, they discussed the gifts they were able to give to their elderly mother:

The first said, "I built a big house for our mother."

The second said, "I sent her a camel with a driver."

The third smiled and said, "I've got you both beaten. You remember how Mom enjoyed reading the Divan-e-Hafez? And you know she can't see very well. So I sent her a remarkable parrot that recites the entire Divan. It took elders of the town 19 years to teach him. He's one of a kind. Mama just has to name the poetry number, and the parrot recites it."

Soon thereafter, mom sent out her letters of thanks:

"Ali," she wrote to one son, "The house you built is so huge. I live in only one room, but I have to clean the whole house.

"Reza," she wrote to another, "I am too old to travel. I stay most of the time at home, so I rarely use the camel. And the driver is so rude!"

365 STORIES (PART-4)

"My Dearest Nasruddin," she wrote to her third son, "You have the good sense to know what your mother likes. The chicken was delicious."

Searching

One evening a friend of Nasruddin came to visit him. He saw Nasruddin crawling on the ground looking for something. Nasruddin said that he had lost a valuable coin. The friend knelt down to help Nasruddin look for the money. After they had crawled all over the yard, Nasruddin's friend asked,

"Exactly where did you drop the money?"

"I dropped it in the house," answered Nasruddin, "But we cannot look for the money in there. It's much too dark."

Strength

At a gathering where Nasruddin was present, people were discussing the merits of youth and old age. They had all agreed that, a man's strength decreases as years go by. Nasruddin dissented.

"I don't agree with you gentlemen, he said. In my old age I have the same strength as I had in the prime of my youth."

"What do you mean, Nasruddin?" asked somebody. "Explain yourself."

"In my courtyard, explained Nasruddin, there is a massive stone. In my youth I used to try and lift it. I never succeeded. Neither can I lift it now."

From Each According to His Ability to Each According to His Needs

As Nasruddin emerged from the masjid after prayers, a beggar sitting on the street solicited alms. The following conversation followed:

365 STORIES (PART-4)

"Are you extravagant?" asked Nasruddin.

"Yes, Nasruddin." replied the beggar.

"Do you like sitting around and drinking coffee?" asked Nasruddin.

"Yes," replied the beggar.

"I suppose you like to go to the baths everyday?" asked Nasruddin.

"Yes," replied the beggar.

"...And maybe amuse yourself," asked Nasruddin.

"Yes, I like all those things," replied the beggar.

"Tut, Tut," said Nasruddin. He then gave him a gold piece.

A few yards farther on, another beggar who had overheard the conversation begged for alms too.

"Are you extravagant?" asked Nasruddin.

"No," Nasruddin replied second beggar.

"Do you like sitting around and drinking coffee?" asked Nasruddin.

"No," replied second beggar.

"I suppose you like to go to the baths everyday?" asked Nasruddin.

"No," replied second beggar.

"...And maybe amuse yourself?" asked Nasruddin.

"No, I want to only live meagrely and to pray," replied second beggar.

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Whereupon Nasruddin gave him a small copper coin.

"But why, wailed second beggar, do you give me, an economical and pious man, a penny, when you give that extravagant fellow a sovereign?"

"Ah, my friend," replied Nasruddin, his needs are greater than yours.

Stick to your story

How old are you, Nasruddin?"

"Forty."

"But you said that two years ago when I asked."

"That's right and I always stand by my word!"

Heavy lifting

The strong young man at the construction site was bragging that he could outdo anyone in a feat of strength. He made a special case of making fun of one of the older workmen. After several minutes, the older worker had had enough.

"Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?" he said. "I will bet a week's wages that I can haul something in a wheelbarrow over to that building that you won't be able to wheel back."

"You're on, old man," the young man replied. The old man reached out and grabbed the wheelbarrow by the handles. Then he turned to the young man and said, "Alright. Get in."

Hamza and Abdul Rahman

One day Hamza and Abdul Rahman went to a job interview. The boss came out of his office and gave them a test. Well, it took about two hours

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to finish the test. The boss picked those up and graded them. When he had finished, he came out of his office and said, "You both did very well and passed the test. In fact you scored the same grade." Then he told Hamza he had got the job.

All of a sudden Abdul Rahman jumped up and said, "Well wait, if we both scored the same grade, then why does Hamza get the job?"

Then the boss said, "Well because of your answers, for example, in question number 25, Hamza wrote, 'I don't know,' and you wrote, 'me neither.'"



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SHORT STORIES-2

Love Your Mother

A man stopped at a flower shop to order some flowers to be wired to his mother who lived two hundred miles away.

As he got out of his car he noticed a young girl sitting on the curb sobbing.

He asked her what was wrong and she replied, "I wanted to buy a red rose for my mother. But I only have seventy-five cents, and a rose costs two dollars."

The man smiled and said, "Come on in with me. I'll buy you a rose."

He bought the little girl her rose and ordered his own mother's flowers.

As they were leaving he offered the girl a ride home.

She said, "Yes, please! You can take me to my mother."

She directed him to a cemetery, where she placed the rose on a freshly dug grave.

The man returned to the flower shop, cancelled the wire order, picked up a bouquet and drove the two hundred miles to his mother's house.

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Earthquake

One day, the countrymen noticed that the mountains were making a lot of noise; smoke came out of their summits, the earth was jolting at their feet, trees were crashing, and huge rocks were tumbling. They felt sure that something horrible was going to happen. They all gathered together in one place to see what terrible thing this could be. They waited and waited, but nothing came. At last there was a still more violent earthquake, and a huge gap appeared on the side of the mountains. They all fell down upon their knees and waited. At last, a teeny, tiny mouse poked its little head out of the gap and came running down towards them, and after that event they used to say, "Much outcry little outcome."

The Rich Mule

Two mules, well laden with packs were trudging along. One carried panniers filled with money, the other, sacks weighted with grain. The mule carrying the treasure walked with head erect, as if conscious of the value of his burden, and tossed up and down the clear-toned bells fastened to his neck. His companion followed with quiet and easy steps. All of a sudden robbers rushed upon them from their hiding places, and in the scuffle with their owners, wounded with a sword the mule carrying the treasure, which they greedily seized while taking no notice of the grain. The mule that had been robbed and wounded bewailed his misfortunes. The other replied, "I am indeed glad that I was thought so little of, for I have lost nothing, nor am I hurt with any wound."

Use Your Full Power

A nettle stung a boy. He ran home and told his mother, saying, "Although it hurts me very much, I only touched it gently." "That was just why it stung you," said his mother. "The next time you touch a nettle, grasp it boldly, and it will be soft as silk in your hand; and not in the least hurt you."

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A Box Full Of Kisses

The story goes that some time ago, a man punished his 3-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of gold wrapping paper. Money was tight and he became infuriated when the child tried to decorate a box to put under his pillow. Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift to her father the next morning and said,

"This is for you, Daddy."

The man was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, but his anger flared again when he found out the box was empty. He yelled at her, stating, "Don't you know, when you give someone a present, there is supposed to be something inside? The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and cried, "Oh, Daddy, it's not empty at all. I blew kisses into the box. They're all for you, Daddy."

The father was crushed. He put his arms around his little girl, and he begged for her forgiveness.

Only a short time later, an accident took the life of the child. It is also told that her father kept that gold box by his bed for many years and, whenever he was discouraged, he would take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there.

In a very real sense, each one of us, as a humans being, has been given a gold container filled with unconditional love and kisses... from our children, family members, friends, and most of all Allah ﷻ. There is simply no other possession, anyone can hold, more precious than this.

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Wait For the Brick

A young and successful executive was travelling down a neighbourhood street, going a bit too fast in his new Jaguar. He was watching for kids darting out from between parked cars and slowed down when he thought he saw something. As his car passed, no children appeared. Instead, a brick smashed into the Jag's side door! He slammed on the brakes and drove the Jag back to the spot where the brick had been thrown. The angry driver then jumped out of the car, grabbed the nearest kid and pushed him up against a parked car, shouting, "What was that all about and who are you? Just what the heck are you doing? That's a new car and that brick you threw is going to cost a lot of money. Why did you do it?"

The young boy was apologetic. "Please mister ... please, I'm sorry... I didn't know what else to do," he pleaded. "I threw the brick because no one else would stop..."

With tears dripping down his face and off his chin, the youth pointed to a spot just around a parked car.

"It's my brother," he said. "He rolled off the curb and fell out of his wheelchair and I could not lift him up."

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Now sobbing, the boy asked the stunned executive, "Would you please help me get him back into his wheelchair? He's hurt and he's too heavy for me." Moved beyond words, the driver tried to swallow the rapidly swelling lump in his throat. He hurriedly lifted the handicapped boy back into the wheelchair, then took out his fancy handkerchief and dabbed at the fresh scrapes and cuts. A quick look told him everything was going to be okay.

"Thank you and may God bless you," the grateful child told the stranger. Too shook up for words, the man simply watched the little boy push his wheelchair-bound brother down the sidewalk towards their home. It was a long, slow walk back to the Jaguar. The damage was very noticeable, but the driver never bothered to repair the dented side door. He kept the dent there to remind him of this message: Don't go through life so fast that someone has to throw a brick at you to get your attention!

Allah ﷻ whispers in our souls and speaks to our hearts. Sometimes when we don't have time to listen, He has to throw a brick at us.

It's our choice: Listen to the whisper ... or wait for the brick (that is, a mishap)!



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SHORT STORIES-3

Humbleness Conquers

A very large oak was uprooted by the wind and thrown across a stream. It fell among some reeds, which it thus addressed:

"I wonder how you, who are so light and weak, are not entirely crushed by these strong winds."

They replied, "You fight and contend with the wind, and consequently you are destroyed; while we on the contrary bend before the least breath of air, and therefore remain unbroken, and escape."

The Old Man and Death

An old labourer; bent double with age and toil, was gathering sticks in a forest. At last he grew so tired and hopeless that he threw down the bundle of sticks, and cried out:

"I cannot bear this life any longer. Ah, I wish Death would only come and take me!"

As he spoke, Death appeared and said to him:

"What wouldst thou, Mortal? I heard thee call me."

The old man remembered what he used to teach his grandchildren, "Look before you leap."

"Please, sir," replied the woodcutter, "would you kindly help me to lift this bundle of sticks on to my shoulder?"

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Benefits Bestowed upon Evil-Doers Increase Their Means of Injuring You

A man who had been bitten by a dog went about in quest of someone who might heal him. A friend, meeting him and learning what he wanted, said,

"If you would be cured, take a piece of bread, and dip it in the blood from your wound, and go and give it to the dog that bit you."

The man who had been bitten laughed at this advice and said,

"Why? If I should do so, it would be as if I should beg every dog in the town to bite me."

Nip the Evil in the Bud

A blind man was accustomed to distinguishing different animals by touching them with his hands. The whelp of a wolf was brought to him, with a request that he would feel it, and say what it was. He felt it, and being in doubt, said:

"I do not quite know whether it is the cub of a fox, or the whelp of a wolf. But this I know full well that it would not be safe to admit him to the sheepfold."

Counsel without Help is Useless

A boy bathing in a river was in danger of being drowned. He called out to a passing traveller for help, but instead of holding out a helping hand, the man stood by unconcernedly, and scolded the boy for his imprudence.

"Oh, sir!" cried the youth, "pray help me now and scold me afterwards."

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The Great Ansar رَضِيَ اللهُ تَعَالَى عَنْهُمْ

The great people of Madinah

Yathrib, it was called,

Stood by the Holy Prophet ﷺ

Whenever they were called

One day he spoke to them

About the Muslims new,

And told them to sacrifice

Their share in favour of

The Muslims new

He told them, "Won't you

Be pleased that people

Take the worldly things,

And you take Allah's Apostle ﷺ

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With you to your homes?"

They said that they would be

Pleased with this distribution!

And thus the Prophet ﷺ guaranteed

Them, "If the people took their

Way through a valley and

Ansar took theirs through

A mountain pass,

- - - - I would take

The Ansar's mountains pass."

(Muslim Kitabul Zakat, Hadith no: 1756)



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Famous Quotes of Aesop

Dear kids, Aesop was a very famous storywriter. His most famous stories are 'The ant and the grasshopper', 'The fox and the grapes' etc. Here are some of his most famous quotes;

- Better be wise by the misfortunes of others than by your own.
- In critical moments even the very powerful need the weakest.
- Injuries may be forgiven, but not forgotten.
- It is easy to be brave from a safe distance.
- Never trust the advice of a man in difficulties.
- Persuasion is often more effective than force.
- The smaller the mind the greater the conceit.
- United we stand, divided we fall.
- We hang the petty thieves and appoint the great ones to public office.
- What a splendid head, yet no brain.
- Be content with your lot; one cannot be first in everything.

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- It is thrifty to prepare today for the wants of tomorrow.
- Union gives strength.
- Beware lest you lose the substance by grasping at the shadow.
- People often grudge others for what they cannot enjoy themselves.
- The shaft of the arrow had been feathered with one of the eagle's own plumes. We often give our enemies the means of our own destruction.
- Familiarity breeds contempt.
- Self-conceit may lead to self-destruction.
- Slow and steady wins the race.
- It is not only fine feathers that make fine birds.
- No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted.
- It is easier to get into the enemy's toils than out again.
- Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.



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Did You See God?

One day a six year old girl was sitting in a classroom. The teacher was going to explain evolution to the children. The teacher asked a little boy:

TEACHER: Taimur do you see the tree outside?

TAIMUR: Yes.

TEACHER: Taimur, do you see the grass outside?

TAIMUR: Yes.

TEACHER: Go outside and look up and see if you can see the sky.

TAIMUR: Okay. (He returned a few minutes later) Yes, I saw the sky.

TEACHER: Did you see God?

TAIMUR: No.

TEACHER: That's my point. We can't see God because he isn't there. He doesn't exist.

The little boy now spoke up and asked for permission to ask the class some questions. The teacher agreed and Taimur asked the class:

TAIMUR: Do you see the tree outside?

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CLASS: Yes.

TAIMUR: Taimur do you see the grass outside?

CLASS: Yessssss (getting tired of the questions by this time).

TAIMUR: Did you see the sky?

CLASS: Yessssss

TAIMUR: Taimur, do you see the teacher?

CLASS: Yes

TAIMUR: Do you see his brain?

CLASS: No

TAIMUR: Then according to what we were taught today in school, he must not have one!

"FOR WE WALK BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT"



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Smile Only - 2

A large notice in a shop window announced a big sale, with sweeping reductions, starting at 9 a.m. An enormous queue had started to form by 7-30 a.m.

Just before the shop was due to open, an inconspicuous little man walked to the head of the queue. Angry women elbowed and pushed him until he was right at the back of the line. Undaunted, the little man went to the head of the queue again.

Once more, he was shoved unceremoniously to the back, this time with a few smacks on the face and a couple of thumps from umbrellas wielded by angry women. The little man walked to one side of the queue and said: .If that's your attitude, I won't open the shop at all today!

The elderly aunt bent down and asked her three-year-old nephew: Can you tell me the name of your new baby sister? The little boy shook his head sadly and replied: I don't know what it is. I keep asking her but I can't understand a word she says. Mummy, Mummy! Where are you? Cried the little boy on the promenade. You poor little boy, said an elderly lady. Come with me and I'll get you an ice cream and then we'll go and look for your mummy. I know where your mummy is, said a small girl. Shush! Whispered the little boy. I know where she is, too, but I've managed to get two free ice creams this morning, and I want a third!

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The police car, its siren blaring, raced in front of a speeding car and forced it to stop.

A heavily built policeman got out and walked over. You name, please? Asked the policeman, taking out his notebook and pen. Certainly, officer, replied the driver. It's Horatio Xerxes Laertes Idomeneus Aeneas Asclepius Iphicles Menoeceus Memnon Philoctetes Tyndareus Hylas. The policeman thought for a moment, then looked at his notebook, shook his head and said: I'll just give you a warning this time. Don't break the speed limit again.

Teacher: Mavis, can you tell me which month is the shortest?

Mavis: It's May, miss.

Teacher: No, it isn't. The shortest month is February.

Mavis: But, miss, February has eight letters in it while May only has three!



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SHORT STORIES-4

Do Not Attempt Too Much At Once

A boy put his hand into a pitcher full of filberts. He grasped as many as he could possibly hold, but when he tried to pull out his hand, he was prevented from doing so by the neck of the pitcher. Unwilling to lose his filberts, and yet unable to withdraw his hand, he burst into tears and bitterly lamented his disappointment. A bystander said to him,

"Be satisfied with half the quantity and you will readily draw out your hand."

One Man's Pleasure May Be Another's Pain

Some boys, playing near a pond, saw a number of frogs in the water and began to pelt them with stones. They killed several of them, when one of the frogs, lifting his head out of the water, cried out: "Pray stop, my boys: what is sport to you is death to us."

Never depend on others

A fox was mounting a hedge when he lost his footing and caught hold of a bramble to save him. Having pricked and grievously torn the soles of his feet, he accused the bramble because, when he had fled to her for assistance, she had used him worse than the hedge itself. The bramble, interrupting him, said,

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"But you really must have been out of your senses to fasten yourself on me, who am myself always accustomed to fasten upon others."

No Work and All Play

Brazier had a little dog, which was a great favourite with his master, and his constant companion. While he hammered away at his metals the dog would sleep; but when, on the other hand, he went to dinner and began to eat, the dog would wake up and wag his tail, as if asking for a share of his meal.

His master, one day pretending to be angry and shaking his stick at him said, "You wretched little sluggard! What shall I do to you? While I am hammering on the anvil, you sleep on the mat; and when I begin to eat after my toil, you wake up and wag your tail for food. Do you not know that labour is the source of every blessing, and that none but those who work are entitled to eat?"

True Beauty

A father had one son and one daughter, the former remarkable for his good looks, the latter for her extraordinary ugliness. While they were playing one day as children, they happened by chance to look together into a mirror that was placed on their mother's chair. The boy congratulated himself on his good looks; the girl grew angry, and could not bear his self-praises (and how could she do otherwise?). She ran off to her father to complain about her brother, and spitefully accused him of having, as a boy that which belonged only to girls. The father embraced them both, and bestowing his kisses and affection impartially on each, said, "I wish you both would look into the mirror every day: you, my son, that you may not spoil your beauty by evil conduct; and you, my daughter, that you may make up for your lack of beauty by your virtues."

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A Horror Story

Akhtar lives in Defence, Karachi. One day he went to Clifton to visit his uncle for some days as his parents had to attend a wedding in Lahore. One evening he and some other friends went to the museum. He had so much fun that he lost track of time. He caught the last local bus to Clifton and reached there around midnight.....

He had to walk about a mile from the bus stop to home.... As he was walking alone, he could sense that the night felt very creepy, with long shadows and very little light. While walking, he was astonished to see an old creepy looking man selling some books. It was an unusual thing to see someone selling books at that hour of the night when nobody's out.

It sent chills down his body when he noticed that the old guy was unusually pale and staring at him...

The old guy said "Son why don't you get a book...it would keep you company". Then he did something that he would regret for the rest of his life...

Akhtar decided to act brave and thought why not and had a look at his collections... Akhtar's hair started to rise up as he noticed that all the books were related to supernatural activities...but he found one that was very interesting yet the scariest of the lot.

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So he asked the old man, "How much is it for, uncle?"

The old man replied, "Well son...this is an interesting book...it's only for Rs 250."

Akhtar was shocked and said, "but...but...it's very old and expensive..."

This time the old man gave a stare which freaked Akhtar. He quickly checked all his pockets, found Rs.200 and said, "This is all I have."

The old man replied "Its all right son ...you can have the book for that price"

As Akhtar was just about to run for home...the old man called back and said, "Son ... whatever happens, you don't ever flip the book to it's last page... remember these words or you would regret!!!!!" He uttered this last sentence in a very grim tone.

Akhtar nodded and never looked back...

When he reached home, he asked to his uncle, "Have you seen an old book seller nearby?"

His uncle replied, "we've heard that there's an old man who comes once in a while during full moon nights but heard that there is something mysterious about him...why son?"

Akhtar freaked out... he told his uncle, "Nothing uncle...just asking".

He started reading the book, with the old man's words popping up in his mind.

At night, as he went to bed, a gush of wind blew which chilled him up to his bones. At that glimpse, he noticed the wind had blown the pages to its last page. He remembered what the old man had said!!!!!!!

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But we humans tend to have the tendency to try and know more than we ought to know.

Out of curiosity, very fearfully he flipped through the pages. And then he reached the last page and as he read it he fainted...

What he saw at the last page is stated below:

BOOK FOR SALE!

Original Price: Rs. 20 Promotion Price: Rs. 10



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Story of a Girl

This is a story about a girl, a very young girl indeed! Her name was Huma and she was only 2 years old, but she was big for her boots. Yes, she was very smart!

Her parents thought that she should be in school because she was too smart and intelligent for her age. So they took her to a primary school for admission. Huma was also eager to go to school. But the teachers thought she was too young and they said, "We will give her admission next year when she is 3 years old." But when her parents insisted, they asked Huma many questions. To their surprise she answered all of them.

They had no other option but to give her admission. They told her, "Tomorrow you will start from the kindergarten class."

So the next day Huma was in kindergarten. The teachers were impressed by her intelligence.

But the next day, she made everyone laugh. This is what happened.

She went to the principal's office and told her,

"Ma'am, where is class 1?" The principal asked her, "What is your name? And which class are you in?"

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She replied, "My name is Huma and I am in class 1."

The principal checked on her computer and made a confirmation with the teachers, only to find out that Huma was in kindergarten. She said, "Young lady, why are you lying? We have checked, and you are in kindergarten, not class 1. Will you explain?"

And the reply was, "No Ma'am, I was in kindergarten yesterday. Since I studied kindergarten yesterday, I should be in class 1 today. Shouldn't it be so?"

This made all the teachers laugh. Then they explained to her that she had to study one whole year in kindergarten to go to class 1.

But they all agreed that Huma was a nice, cute little girl who helped and cooperated with all other students.



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No Cure for Suspicion

In Karachi, everything rusts quicker than in other parts of Pakistan.

A young boy, Akbar, lived in Karachi. He is now grown up and still lives there with his family. Well, when he was 4 years old, he was always interested in how things looked when they are rusted. He was always showing his mother something or the other that was rusted. Her mother always encouraged him in his expeditions because she wanted to make him a scientist.

One Sunday morning, his mother gave Akbar a really big breakfast with beautiful golden, brown toasts. As they were eating, she noticed that he had started eating the biscuit from the top and would not even touch the bottom. He loved toasts and so his mother couldn't quite figure it out why he left the brown parts of the toasts.

She asked him, "Akbar, why are you not eating the whole toast?"

He turned to his mother with a funny look and turned his toast over to the bottom crust which was a "Crisp and light brown" so she could see it. Then he said, "But, Ammi, I can't eat this part. It's all rusty!!!"

His father, mother, grandpa and grandma smiled. They told him it wasn't rusted, it was just toasted. But no matter how they tried to explain

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to him, he just wouldn't understand the difference between toasted and rusted.

From that day onwards making Akbar eat toast was the hardest thing his mother had to do.

Slowly Akbar grew up, got married and had kids. But still his mother, his wife and even his children cannot make him eat toasts.

Now, Akbar is a 70-year-old scientist who teaches in a famous University, and conducts new experiments. But even now his wife, children, grandchildren, students and friends cannot make him eat toasts. They even told him to do experiments and find out if the bread becomes brown with rust or just gets cooked when toasted, but no matter how hard they try he just wouldn't ---



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Socrates' Words Full of Wisdom

- Death may be the greatest of all human blessings.
- Do not do to others what angers you if done to you by others.
- Jealousy is the ulcer of the soul.
- Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love.
- If a man is proud of his wealth, he should not be praised until it is known how he employs it.
- Regard your good name as the richest jewel you can possibly be possessed of - for credit is like fire; when once you have kindled it you may easily preserve it, but if you once extinguish it, you will find it an arduous task to rekindle it again. The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavour to be what you desire to appear.
- Remember that there is nothing stable in human affairs; therefore avoid undue elation in prosperity, or undue depression in adversity.
- Remember what is unbecoming to do is also unbecoming to speak of.
- Think not those faithful who praise all thy words and actions; but those who kindly reprove thy faults.
- Thou should eat to live; not live to eat.
- The unexamined life is not worth living.

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Some Funny Quotes

- ❖ For every complex problem there is a simple solution - and it is wrong.
- ❖ As long as teachers give tests, there will always be prayer in schools.
- ❖ Fat people are harder to kidnap.
- ❖ Warning: Dates on calendar are closer than they appear.
- ❖ The difference between genius and stupidity is that genius has its limits.

I Want To

I hereby tender my resignation as an adult.

I have decided to accept the responsibilities of an 8 year old again.

I want to go to the roadside ice-cream vendor and think that it's a four star restaurant.

I want to sail sticks across a fresh mud puddle and make ripples with rocks.

I want to think chocolates are better than money because you can eat them.

I want to lie under a big oak tree and run a lemonade stand with my friends on a hot summer day.

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I want to return to a time when life was simple. When all you knew were colours, multiplication tables, and nursery rhymes, but that didn't bother you, because you didn't know what you didn't know and you didn't care. All you knew was to be happy because you were blissfully unaware of all the things that should make you worried or upset.

I want to think the world is fair. That everyone is honest and good.

I want to believe that anything is possible.

I want to be oblivious to the complexities of life and be overly excited by the little things again.

I want to live simply again. I don't want my day to consist of computer crashes, mountains of paperwork, depressing news, how to survive more days in the month than there is money in the bank, doctor's bill, gossip, illness, and loss of loved ones.

I want to believe in the power of smiles, kind words, truth, justice, respect and walking in the garden.

So.... here's my check book and my car keys, my credit card bills and my electricity bill statements.

I am officially resigning from adulthood. And if you want discuss this further, you'll have to catch me first, because I feel like playing hide and seek!



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Building Bridges

Once upon a time two brothers who lived on adjoining farms fell into conflict.

It was the first serious rift in 40 years of farming side by side, sharing machinery, and trading labour and goods as needed without a hitch.

Then the long collaboration fell apart. It began with a small misunderstanding and it grew into a major difference, and finally it exploded into an exchange of bitter words followed by weeks of silence.

One morning there was a knock on the elder brother's door. He opened it to find a man with a carpenter's toolbox.

"I'm looking for a few days work," he said. "Perhaps you would have a few small jobs here and there I could help with? Do you need my help?"

"Yes," said the elder brother. "I do have a job for you. Look across the creek at that farm. That's my neighbour; in fact, it's my younger brother. Last week there was a meadow between us and he took his bulldozer to the river levee and now there is a creek between us. Well, he may have done this to hurt me, but I'll not stay behind. See that pile of lumber by the barn? I want you to build me a fence - - an 8-foot fence - - so I won't need to see his place or his face anymore."

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The carpenter said, "I think I understand the situation. Show me the nails and the digger and I'll be able to do a job that pleases you."

The older brother had to go to town, so he helped the carpenter get the materials ready and then he was off for the day. The carpenter worked hard all that day measuring, sawing, nailing, and hammering.

At sunset when the farmer returned, the carpenter had just finished his job. The farmer's eyes opened wide, his jaw dropped. There was no fence there at all.

It was a bridge -- a bridge stretching from one side of the creek to the other! A fine piece of work handrails and all -- and the neighbour, his younger brother, was coming across, his hand outstretched.

"You are quite a fellow to build this bridge after all I've said and done. Well - - - I am sorry."

The two brothers stood at each end of the bridge, and then they met in the middle, taking each other's hand. They turned to see the carpenter hoist his toolbox on his shoulder.

"No, wait! Stay a few days. I've a lot of other projects for you," said the older brother.

"I'd love to stay on," the carpenter said, "but I have many more bridges to build."



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Grandma

Ali was a brilliant child. He was the best student of his class, in fact of the whole school. Principal Jawaid sahib would even say,

“Ali my boy, they all say you are the best kid in school. But I tell you, you are the most brilliant kid in the whole country.”

Jawaid Sahib wasn't wrong. Ali excelled in studies, sports and all other activities. He was the star of the family, teachers and friends.

But lately he was having some attitude problems. The problem was he could not stand his Grandmother. Grandma was old, she could not walk fast, she could not hear properly. Ali had a hard time dealing with this problem; she would not understand what he said and would ask him to repeat himself several times. Often Grandma would misunderstand what Ali said. This made Ali frustrated, and slowly, he began to lose his temper.

Now he would lose his temper whenever he had problem in studies, sports, or with any other thing.

Gradually his teachers, friends, and parents realised this, but it was already too late. Grandma was bearing the brunt of Ali's bad attitude. Everyone was concerned about Ali. The star of everyone's eye was fast

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falling in a pit but nobody could help him. Even Jawaid Sahib tried to explain to him, but he erupted,

“Nobody tries to understand me. Everyone just wants to correct me. They never listen to my point of view!”

In a few months Ali had gone down in studies, sports and extracurricular activities. Slowly he developed another problem. He noticed a pain in his left arm. The pain got intense day by day. Ali felt like cutting his hand and throwing it away, because he just could not bear the pain.

Doctors could not understand the cause. Finally an X-ray showed the problem. But it was too late. The only option was an immediate operation. Ali had to undergo the operation. After the operation Ali's left hand was fine, but it had a little movement problem. The left hand could not move as it was fixed.

At first Ali felt devastated. But then slowly he learnt how to live with it.

Ali's father was a wise person. He had realised the reason for Ali's bad and rash behaviour. One day when Ali was in a good mood, he called him, “Son, I need to tell you something.”

“Yes Papa.” Ali replied.

“Tell me son, how your hand feels now?” asked father.

“Papa, at first as you know, I had a lot of problems. I could not play normally and I got really frustrated sometimes when I had problems doing normal things. But then I learnt that I have to live with it, and I tried

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doing all the things in different ways. At first it was extremely frustrating, but then I got into the practice. As you can see I am fine now.” This was Ali’s explanation.

“Ali, you know what this means. This means that you are - - - I am sorry to say but please be patient and let me finish first - - - you are selfish.” Father commented.

Anger was visible on Ali’s face; he thought it was a marvellous thing to have recovered. But the word “Selfish” had pierced his heart. Still he listened quietly.

His father continued, “Don’t be angry son, listen to me first. You see, before the operation you were in so much pain that you felt like throwing your hand away. But now that you are used to it, you are proud of this achievement. Remember how you enjoyed Grandma’s games, plays, toys and stories. But when you grew a bit and Grandma grew old you started misbehaving with her just because she could not hear or understand you. And then this anger got out of control and now you get angry and start shouting on everybody. Just answer my little question. When you adjusted to your left hand problem, you felt so proud and showed everyone how you could work like a normal kid with your left hand even when it was not fine. Is it okay that after all those wonderful years when Grandma cared for you, now that she is having problems, you should treat her badly? Or will you be proud to tell everyone that you have an old Grandma who worked and played and had fun with you for so many years and now when she is very old you can pay her back with your love, kindness and attention? It is only an adjustment issue like your hand.”

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Ali looked into his heart and thought for a while. He did not give the answer to his father. Instead he ran out of the room straight to Grandma and clasped her hands into his, crying.

“Dadi, I am sorry. I hurt you and everyone. I was so impatient and mean. Please forgive me.”

Grandma caressed Ali’s hair lovingly and said,

“What is the matter Ali? Why are you crying?” Yes! Grandma didn’t hear him. But this time Ali had learnt his lesson. He went near Grandma’s ear and explained softly, “Dadi, I am sorry. I was being mean and rude. I did not behave well. But now I have realised. Please forgive me.”

Now Grandma replied, “No Ali. It is all right. I can understand. Now if you’d like it, why don’t we two go out and have a nice walk.”

Ali was really glad. He thanked Allah ﷻ and said, “How can I ever thank you Allah ﷻ for such a good Dadi, Ammi, Papa, friends, teachers and Jawaid Sahib. I hope you have also forgiven me.”

But little did Ali know that Allah ﷻ was the first to forgive him- -



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Three Tough Questions

There was a young man who went overseas to study for quite a long time. When he returned, he asked his parents to find him a religious scholar or any expert who could answer his Three Questions.

Finally, his parents were able to find a Muslim scholar.

"Who are you? Can you answer my questions?" asked the young man.

"I am one of Allah (Subhanahu wa Ta'ala)'s slaves and Insha'Allah (God willing), I will be able to answer your questions," replied the scholar.

"Are you sure? Many professors and experts have not been able to answer my questions," replied the young boy.

"I will try my best, with the help of Allah (Subhanahu wa Ta'ala)."

"I have 3 questions," began the boy:

1. Does God exist? If so, show me His shape.
2. What is takdir (fate)?
3. If shaitan (Devil) was created from the fire, why at the end he will be thrown to hell that is also created from fire. It certainly will not hurt him at all, since Shaitan (Devil) and the hell were created from fire. Did God not think of it this far?

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Suddenly, the Scholar slapped the young man's face very hard!

The young man, who was shocked and hurt by the slap became confused, "Why are you angry at me?" he asked.

"I am not angry," answered the scholar, "The slap is my answer to your three questions."

"I really don't understand," the young man said. He was really confused.

The scholar began to explain, "How did you feel after I slapped you?" he asked

"Of course, I felt the pain." he replied

"So do you believe that pain exists?" the scholar asked

"Yes."

"Now show me the shape of the pain!" said the wise scholar

"I cannot," the young man replied

"That is my first answer. All of us feel existence of Allah ﷻ without being able to see His shape... Last night, did you dream that you will be slapped by me?" the scholar replied

"No"

"Did you ever think that you will get a slap from me, today?" the scholar continued.

"No."

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"That is takdir (fate)....." The scholar continued, "My hand that I used to slap you, what is it created from?"

"It is created from flesh," replied the young man

"What about your face, what is it created from?"

"Flesh." replied the young man.

"How did you feel after I slapped you?"

"Painful!"

"Even though Shaitan (Satan) and Jahunnum (Hell-fire) have been created from fire, if Allah wants, Insha'Allah (God willing), the Hell-fire will become a very painful place for Shaitan (Devil)" ended the wise Scholar.

The wise scholar had answered all three of the tough questions with one slap.



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Beyond the Seaside

Charles Thomson radically changed science's view of deep oceans and of the requirements for life in the oceans. There existed no light in the ocean depths, yet he discovered abundant and varied life. He proved that life can exist without light. He even proved that *plants* can thrive in the lightless depths (though it took another century before scientists figured out *how* plants live without photosynthesis).

Thomson's discovery extended known ocean life from the thin top layer of the oceans into the vast depths and provided the first scientific study of the deep oceans. For his discoveries, Thomson was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1877.

Charles Thomson was born in 1830 in the salt air of the Scottish coast. After college, he worked at various university researches and teaching positions until, in 1867, he was appointed professor of botany at the Royal College of Science in Dublin, Ireland.

Common wisdom at the time said that, since light only penetrated the top 250 to 300 feet of the oceans, life only existed in that same narrow top layer where light could support the growth of ocean plants. The deep oceans were lifeless, lightless deserts. No one bothered to question the logic of this belief. Then, in early 1866, Michael Sars conducted some

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deep dredging operations off the coast of Norway as part of a cable-laying project. He claimed that his dredge snared fish at depths of over 1,000 feet.

Scientists scoffed and said that his dredge must have caught the fish either on the way down or on the way back up. He *couldn't* have caught them at a depth that far below the ocean's "life zone" because nothing could live down there.

However, the report caught Thomson's imagination. He began to wonder: What if living creatures *did* lurk in the vast, dark depths of the ocean? Were ocean depths the lifeless desert everyone imagined? Without actually going there, how could anyone really know?

Convinced that this question was worthy of serious scientific investigation, Thomson persuaded the Royal Navy to grant him use of the HMS *Lightning* and HMS *Porcupine* for summer dredging expeditions for three consecutive summers: 1868, 1869, and 1870. During these voyages off the English and Scottish coasts, Thomson used deep sea nets and dredges to see what life he could find in waters over 2,000 feet deep. Most scientists thought that he was wasting his time and the navy's money and would make a fool of himself.

Over those three brief summers, Thomson made over 370 deep-sea soundings. He dragged his nets and dredges through the oceans at depths of up to 4,000 feet (1,250 meters) and consistently found the presence of life at all surveyed depths. His nets always snared a variety of invertebrates and fish.

Thomson had discovered that whole populations of fish lived and thrived in the ocean depths where no light ever penetrated to spoil the total blackness.

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He also collected water samples from the deep, inky-black waters and found the constant presence of detritus—dead plant life that fell through the water column to reach the depths without being eaten. Marine animals also died and added to this rain of food to support creatures that lived in the depths.

Thomson found all known marine invertebrate species living at these depths as well as many unknown fish species. He also dredged up bottom-dwelling plants, proving that plants grew and thrived without sunlight. He reported his startling discoveries in his 1873 book *The Depths of the Sea*—published just after Thomson set sail on the *Challenger* for an extended, five-year voyage to complete his 70,000 nautical miles of deep-sea research data collection that proved that deep-sea life existed in all of the world's oceans.

The largest giant squid ever studied was 36 feet long when it washed up dead on a South American beach. The circular suckers on its two long arms measured 2.2 inches across. Sperm whales have been caught with fresh scars from giant squid suckers measuring over 22 inches across. That translates to a monster squid over 220 feet long!

They're out there, but no human has seen one since sailors talked of meeting giant sea monsters hundreds of years ago.



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The Triple Filter Test

During the golden Abbasid period, one of the scholars in Baghdad, the capital of the Muslim caliphate at that time, was reputed to hold knowledge in high esteem. One day an acquaintance met great scholar and said, "Do you know what I just heard about your friend?"

"Hold on a minute," the scholar replied. "Before telling me anything I'd like you to pass a little test. It's called the Triple Filter Test."

"Triple filter?"

"That's right," the scholar continued. "Before you talk to me about my friend it might be a good idea to take a moment and filter what you're going to say.

That's why I call it the triple filter test.

The first filter is truth. Are you absolutely sure that what you are about to tell me is true?"

"No," the man said, "actually I just heard about it and..."

"All right," said the scholar. "So you don't really know if it's true or not."

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Now let's try the second filter, the filter of goodness. Is what you are about to tell me about my friend something good?"

"No, on the contrary..."

"So," the scholar continued, "you want to tell me something bad about him, but you're not certain it's true. You may still pass the test though, because there's one filter left: the filter of usefulness."

Is what you want to tell me about my friend going to be useful to me?"

"No, not really."

"Well," concluded the scholar, "if what you want to tell me is neither true nor good nor even useful, why tell it to me at all?"



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The Two Seeds

Two seeds lied side by side in the fertile spring soil.

The first seed said, "I want to grow! I want to send my roots deep into the soil beneath me, and thrust my sprouts through the earth's crust above me....

I want to unfurl my tender buds like banners to announce the arrival of spring... I want to feel the warmth of the sun on my face and the blessing of the morning dew on my petals!"

And so she grew.

The second seed said, "I am afraid. If I send my roots into the ground below, I don't know what I will encounter in the dark. If I push my way through the hard soil above me I may damage my delicate sprouts...

What if I let my buds open and a snail tries to eat them? And if I were to open my blossoms, a small child may pull me from the ground. No, it is much better for me to wait until it is safe."

And so she waited.

A yard hen scratching around in the early spring ground for food found the waiting seed and promptly ate it.

Life swallows those of us who refuse to take risk and grow.

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Kids like You

(Here are some funny things kids said about science.)

One horsepower is the amount of energy it takes to drag a horse 500 feet in one second.

You can listen to thunder after lightening and tell how close you came.

The law of gravity says not fair jumping up without coming back down.

When they broke open molecules, they found they were only stuffed with atoms. But when they broke open atoms, they found them stuffed with explosions.

When people run round and round in circles we say they are crazy.

When planets do it we say they are orbiting.

Rainbows are just to look at, not to really understand.

While the earth seems to be knowingly keeping its distance from the sun, it is really only centrifugation.

Someday we may discover how to make magnets that can point in any direction.

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South America has cold summers and hot winters, but somehow they still manage.

Most books now say our sun is a star. But it still knows how to change back into a sun in the daytime.

Water freezes at 32 degrees and boils at 212 degrees. There are 180 degrees between freezing and boiling because there are 180 degrees between north and south.

A vibration is a motion that cannot make up its mind, which way it wants to go.

There are 26 vitamins in all, but some of the letters are yet to be discovered. Finding them all means living forever.

There is a tremendous weight pushing down on the centre of the Earth because of so much population stomping around up there these days.

Lime is a green-tasting rock.

Many dead animals in the past changed to fossils while others preferred to be oil.

Genetics explains why you look like your father and if you don't why you should.

Vacuums are nothing. We only mention them to let them know we know they're there.

Some oxygen molecules help fires burn while others help make water, so sometimes its brother against brother.

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Some people can tell what time it is by looking at the sun. But I have never been able to make out the numbers.

We say the cause of perfume disappearing is evaporation. Evaporation gets' blamed for a lot of things people forget to put the top on.

To most people solutions mean finding the answers. But to chemists' solutions are things that are still all mixed up.

In looking at a drop of water under a microscope, we find there are twice as many H's as O's.

Clouds are highflying fogs.

I am not sure how clouds get formed. But the clouds know how to do it, and that is the important thing.

Clouds just keep circling the earth round and round. And round. There is not much else to do.

Water vapours get together in a cloud. When it is big enough to be called a drop, it does (i.e. it drops).

Humidity is the experience of looking for air and finding water.

We keep track of the humidity in the air so we won't drown when we breathe.

Rain is often known as soft water, oppositely known as hail.

Rain is saved up in cloud banks.

In some rocks you can find the fossil footprints of fishes.

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Cyanide is so poisonous that one drop of it on a dog's tongue will kill the strongest man.

A blizzard is when it snows sideways.

A hurricane is a breeze of a bigly size.

A monsoon is a French gentleman.

Thunder is a rich source of loudness.

Isotherms and isobars are even more important than their names sound.

It is so hot in some places that the people there have to live in other places.

The wind is like the air, only pushier.



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The Day Umar رضي الله تعالى عنه Wept

One day, Hadhrat Umar رضي الله تعالى عنه came to the house of Prophet ﷺ to see him. The blessed Prophet ﷺ lived in a small apartment which bordered his masjid.

These apartments are now included in the beautifully-built Masjid of the Prophet ﷺ in Madinah. But at that time, the walls were built of mud and stones, the roof of palm trees and stalks, and the floors of sand. The doors gave onto the courtyard and hall of prayer.

Hadhrat Umar رضي الله تعالى عنه came to the door and sought permission to enter.

"May Umar ibn Al-Khattab enter, O Prophet of Allah ﷺ?" said Umar.

"Yes, come in, Umar رضي الله تعالى عنه," the Blessed Prophet ﷺ replied.

Umar رضي الله تعالى عنه entered the room where the Blessed Prophet ﷺ was resting. He first greeted the Blessed Prophet ﷺ

"Assalamu alaikum - Peace be with you."

"Wa alaikum assalam - And with you be peace," replied the Blessed Prophet ﷺ.

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Umar رضي الله عنه sat down on the floor and began to notice the room for the first time. There was no bed in the room. The Blessed Prophet ﷺ was lying on a mat. Part of his body was on the floor and part on the mat. The mat was rough and the floor hard. The marks from the mat were visible on his body. He was wearing a garment of rough and coarse cloth. He had a pillow, but the pillow was filled with prickly leaves from a palm tree.

There was nothing else in the room, no wardrobe, no rich food to eat, no comfortable mattress. Instead, in a corner were some berry leaves, and a small heap of barley, over which an untreated piece of leather was hanging.

Tears began to well up in eyes of Umar رضي الله عنه. When the Blessed Prophet ﷺ saw Umar رضي الله عنه crying, he asked him, "Why! What were you crying about, Umar رضي الله عنه?"

Umar رضي الله عنه answered in a bitter voice, "And why shouldn't I cry, O Prophet of Allah ﷺ? I see your bedding and the marks from the mat on your back; I see all your belongings which amount to nothing, and yet you are the Prophet of God and His chosen Messenger!

The emperors of the Byzantine and the Persian empires are living in luxury and comfort. Their thrones are made of gold and their clothing and bedding are made of the finest silk". Umar رضي الله عنه waved his arm to illustrate. "And this is all you have - this is your treasure."

The Blessed Prophet ﷺ smiled and looked kindly and affectionately at Umar رضي الله عنه. "Are you not happy, O Umar رضي الله عنه that we shall receive our riches and treasures and comforts in the eternal life. The kings of this world have received their full share here, and even this share is going to be useless for them as soon as they depart from this world. Our

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share is to come later, but once we receive it, it will remain with us forever."

Umar رضي الله عنه understood then that the government the Blessed Prophet ﷺ was going to establish was not a government of kings and emperors, but a government of the servants of Allah, who live not for this world and its transient rewards and comforts, but for the world to come, for the everlasting rewards and treasures to be found in the Hereafter.



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The Needy One

Sheikh Sa'eed ibn Musfir tells the following account.....

I was walking out of the Haram (the Ka'bah in Makkah) when I saw a man begging everyone who passed him by.

Just then a man who had parked his tinted Mercedes excessively close to the Haram in a designated VIP parking walked passed the beggar on his way to his car. As he pulled the keys out and the alarm did the 'whup whup', the beggar raised his finger to the sky and said, "Please, for the sake of Allah **تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى**!"

Trying to end the moment and avoiding a dip into the pocket, the Mercedes man said back, "Allah **تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى** will provide!"

The beggar said back, "What! Did you at any moment think that I thought YOU were my provider! I'm not asking for your provision, I KNOW Allah **تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى** will provide for me."

Sheikh Misfir continues. The two stood there staring at one another for a moment and then the Mercedes's tinted windows came up and the man drove away. A needy African sister who was sitting nearby on the street selling textiles was moved by the incident. She did not have much,

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but from what she did have, she pulled out 1 riyal and placed it in the hands of that beggar. He smiled and went on his way.

Meanwhile the Mercedes man could not drive on with the choke of guilt. He turned the car around and made his way through the crowd to the place where the incident had happened.

Sheikh Misfir says...

I saw with my own eyes as he pulled out a 10 riyal bill from his briefcase to give to the beggar. But he looked left and right and could not find him.

What was he to do? He had already pulled out the bill to give for the sake of Allah ﷻ and was not going to put it back. So he found the nearest person he thought was worthy of the bill, placed it in her lap and went on his way.

The 10 riyals dangled in the lap of the sister who had helped the beggar!



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Obstacles in Our Path

In ancient times, a king had a boulder placed on a roadway. Then he hid himself and watched to see if anyone would remove the huge rock.

Some of the king's wealthiest merchants and courtiers came by and simply walked around it. Many loudly blamed the king for not keeping the roads clear, but none did anything about getting the big stone out of the way.

Then a peasant came along carrying a load of vegetables. On approaching the boulder, the peasant laid down his burden and tried to move the stone to the side of the road. After much pushing and straining, he finally succeeded.

As the peasant picked up his load of vegetables, he noticed a purse lying in the road where the boulder had been. The purse contained many gold coins and a note from the king indicating that the gold was for the person who removed the boulder from the roadway.

The peasant learned what many others never understand.

Every obstacle presents an opportunity to improve one's condition.



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Arrogance

A bull was striving with all his might to squeeze himself through a narrow passage, which led to his stall. A young calf came up, and offered to go before and show him the way by which he could manage to pass.

"Save yourself the trouble," said the Bull; "I have known that way long before you were born."

Do Not Be In a Hurry to Change One Evil for Another

The oxen once upon a time sought to destroy the butchers, who practiced a trade destructive to their race. They assembled on a certain day to carry out their purpose, and sharpened their horns for the contest. But one of them, exceedingly old (for many a field had he plowed) thus spoke:

"These butchers, it is true, slaughter us, but they do so with skillful hands, and with no unnecessary pain. If we get rid of them, we shall fall into the hands of unskillful operators, and thus suffer a double death: for you may be assured, that though all the butchers should perish, yet men will never stop wanting beef."

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Once Bitten Twice Shy

A certain house was overrun with mice. A cat, discovering this, made her way into it and began to catch and eat them up one by one. Fearing for their lives, the mice kept themselves closed in their holes. The cat was no longer able to get at them and perceived that she must tempt them forth by some device. For this purpose she jumped upon a peg, and suspending herself from it, pretended to be dead. One of the mice, peeping stealthily out, saw her and said,

"Ah, my good madam, even though you should turn into a meal-bag, we will not come near you."

Like Will Draw Like

A charcoal-burner carried on his trade in his own house. One day he met a friend, a fuller, and entreated him to come and live with him, saying that they should be better off living together and that their housekeeping expenses would be lessened. The fuller replied,

"The arrangement is impossible as far as I am concerned, for whatever I should whiten, you would immediately blacken again with your charcoal."

Buzzard, Bat and Bumblebee

If you put a buzzard in a pen six or eight feet wide and fully open at the top, the bird, in spite of his ability to fly, will be an absolute prisoner. The reason is that a buzzard always begins a flight from the ground with a run of ten or twelve feet. Without space to run, as is his habit, he will not even attempt to fly, but will remain a prisoner for life in a small jail with no top.

The ordinary bat that flies around at night, a remarkable nimble creature in the air, cannot take off from a levelled place. If it is placed on

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the floor or flat ground, all it can do is shuffle about helplessly and, no doubt, painfully, until it reaches some slight elevation from which it can throw itself into the air. Then, at once, it takes off like a flash.

A bumblebee if dropped into an open tumbler will be there until it dies, unless it is taken out. It never sees the means of escape at the top, but persists in trying to find some way out through the sides near the bottom. It will seek a way where none exists, until it completely destroys itself.

In many ways, there are lots of people like the buzzard, the bat and the bee. They are struggling about with all their problems and frustrations, not realizing that the answer is right above them.

The Cobbler Turned Into Doctor

A cobbler unable to make a living by his trade and made desperate by poverty, began to practice medicine in a town in which he was not known. He sold a drug, pretending that it was an antidote to all poisons, and obtained a great name for himself by long-winded puffs and advertisements. When the cobbler happened to fall sick himself of a serious illness, the Governor of the town determined to test his skill. For this purpose he called for a cup, and while filling it with water, pretended to mix poison with the cobbler's antidote, commanding him to drink it on the promise of a reward. The cobbler, under the fear of death, confessed that he had no knowledge of medicine, and was only made famous by the stupid clamours of the crowd. The Governor then called a public assembly and addressed the citizens:

"Of what folly have you been guilty? You have not hesitated to entrust your heads to a man, whom no one could employ to make even the shoes for their feet."

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Prophet Muhammad ﷺ and the Black Stone

The Prophet Muhammad ﷺ was a wise man with noble personality, even before he received the revelations of the Qur'an from Allah (subhanahu wa Ta'ala).

When the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ was a young man, about thirty-five years old, the people of his home town, Makkah decided to rebuild the sacred building of, the Ka'bah.

Since there were many big clans living in Makkah, they worked separately, family after family, until the walls were high enough for the black stone to be built again into its corner.

Then a violent argument broke out among them; for each clan wanted the honour of putting the black stone into its place. The disagreement lasted for four or five days and the anger had increased to the point that they were ready to fight with arms, when the oldest man present suggested a solution.

He called, "O men of Quraish! Take as a judge between you the first man who shall enter in through the gate of this Sacred Masjid."

They agreed to follow the advice of the old man; and as luck would have it, the first man to enter the Masjid was Muhammad ﷺ, who had just returned to Makkah after a brief absence of a few days.

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The sight of him produced an immediate and pleasant feeling that here was the right person for the task, and his arrival was greeted by words of satisfaction.

"This is al-Amin," said some. "We accept his judgement," said others, "It is Muhammad ﷺ."

Muhammad ﷺ asked, "What is this all about?"

When they explained the matter to him, he took off his cloak, and spread it on the ground. Then, picking up the Black Stone, Muhammad ﷺ laid it in the middle of the cloak.

"Let the leader of each family take hold of the border of the cloak," he said, "then lift it up, all of you together."

When they had raised it to the right height, Muhammad ﷺ took the stone and placed it in the corner with his own hands, and the building of Ka'abah above the Black Stone was continued and completed peacefully and quietly. (Syrat-e-Ibn-e-Hashaam, Hadis-o-Bunyan-e-Ka'abah: 197/1)



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The Youth of the Cave (Part 1)

This is a story related in Surah Kahf (18), Al Qur'an.

About 250 years after Prophet Isa (Jesus) ﷺ, there was a ruler who was very cruel. His name was Decius the Emperor, and he ruled the vast Roman Empire which stretched from Spain to the Persian Gulf. He was an Idol worshipper, and the people who lived in this empire were forced to believe in many gods and goddesses, and offer sacrifices to them. There was the god of war, the goddess of love, the sun-god, the god of the oceans, and many others. Some of these gods were symbolized by statues and the people were forced to pay special tribute to them or face the possibility of losing their lives. The people included many good Christians, who had believed in one true God, Allah ﷻ and in Isa ﷺ as His messenger. The Emperor did not want the people to follow the religion of Allah ﷻ as was revealed to Prophet Isa ﷺ.

Within the Roman Empire there was a city called Ephesus located on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. It was a bustling city with a great seaport where merchants from all over the Empire came to buy and sell their goods. In the heart of this city lived few youths (about 7) all of whom believed in one true God, Allah ﷻ. They formed a small group and prayed to Allah ﷻ for guidance in that land of oppression and injustice. They did not want to worship those idols that Decius the Emperor was forcing everyone to worship. Allah ﷻ heard their

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prayers and gave strength to their hearts so that they would not be afraid to proclaim their belief to the people of Ephesus.

(Maa'riful Quran: 559/5 Khaf: 12)

One day these youths went to the bazaar where many people had gathered to do their shopping. The youths stood up on a platform so that all the people in the bazaar could see and hear them.

They said, "Our Lord is the Lord of the heavens and the earth. We shall never call upon any God other than Him because if we did, it would surely be a lie!" (18:14)

The crowd suddenly stopped what they were doing and looked up at the youth who had so boldly proclaimed their faith. There were people in the crowd who agreed with them but were too afraid to say it. Whenever someone talked about the one true God, Allah ﷻ, he would be tortured and executed. Other people in the crowd shouted at the youth on the platform.

The youths were not afraid and continued, "If our people worship other gods besides Allah, why don't they bring forward an authority clear and convincing for what they do? Who does more harm than the person who invents a lie about Allah?" (18:14-15)

When Emperor Decius heard about the change of their faith, he called them and questioned them about their faith. They told him that they worshipped only one Allah and made no partners with Him. The king turned furious, and gave them three days to come back to their old faith. He said that if they did not return to becoming Idol worshippers, then he would kill them.

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The Youth of the Cave (Part 2)

The youths ran away to a cave high up on a mountainside a few miles outside of the city. On the way, a dog also followed them. They did their best to scare it away, but it would not leave them. The dog sat at the entrance.

When they sought refuge in the cave they prayed,

رَبَّنَا آتِنَا مِنْ لَدُنْكَ رَحْمَةً وَهَيِّئْ لَنَا مِنْ أَمْرِنَا رَشَدًا

"Lord, grant us mercy and help us to get out of this trouble in a righteous way." [18:10]

After reaching safely in the cave, the youths were tired of running and decided to sleep there for a few hours.

In order to protect those brave men, Allah performed a miracle and kept them asleep for more than three hundred years.

"One would think them (the young men) awake while, in fact, they were sleeping. We turned their bodies from right to left and their dog stretched its front legs on the ground." [18:18]

When they awoke they thought they were only asleep for a couple of hours.

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One of them said, "How long do you think we have stayed here?"

"A day or part of a day," they replied. "Your Lord knows better how long we have stayed here. Let us send one of us with this money to the city to get some pure food so that we might eat. He should be careful so that no one will know about us." [18:19]

The youths were hungry so one of them went down to the city to buy some food.

Before he left the cave, his friends warned him not to tell the pagans where they were. He went down to the city of Ephesus with some money in his pocket. When he approached the city, he noticed something strange. He didn't recognize any of the people! Also, all of the clothes the people wore were different from his own. The surroundings, the dresses, the language they spoke and the lifestyle, everything had changed. He couldn't believe the city had changed so much in just a few hours.

He went to the bazaar and found a shopkeeper selling food. When the youth brought out his money the shopkeeper looked at it very closely. "Where did you get this from?" he asked, peering out of the corner of his eye. Remember that the youths had been asleep for over 300 years!

"I saved it from my earnings, sir," said the youth. "This money has been out of date for 300 years!!!" exclaimed the shopkeeper.

The youth was shocked and the people of the bazaar began to gather around him. He now realized that Allah had saved him and his friends from the persecution of the pagans by making them sleep for a long, long time. When he explained his story to the people that had gathered around him, they were overjoyed. The whole city of Ephesus had

365 STORIES (PART-4)

changed. He informed the youth that he was now living at a time when he will no longer be persecuted. The whole city of Ephesus had changed.

The wicked ruler of the Roman Empire, Decius, had died long ago and now a new tolerant Emperor reigned over the land. The whole city came out of their houses and marched toward the cave where the other youths were.

Meanwhile, some officers of the king Theodosius (who was now the ruler) also arrived. When they were told that the stranger in the bazaar was one among the seven youths who had fled during the reign of Decius to escape death, he and a crowd followed him to the cave.

Allah then caused the youths of the cave to pass away, just as Allah had caused them to sleep for 309 years [18:25], and King Theodosius ordered a monument to be built over the cave.

Their story became famous throughout the Roman Empire as one of the true and beautiful miracles of Allah mentioned in the Glorious Qur'an. (Maa'rif-ul-Quran: 574/5, Khaf: 21)



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Allah تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى Knows and Sees Everything

Mr Hasan had three sons: Faruq, Abdullah and Qasim. He loved them very much. He wanted to see them grow up as good Muslims.

Mr Hasan himself was a good Muslim. He did his best to obey all the commands of Allah تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى.

One day, Mr Hasan thought to test his sons. He gave each of them some sweets and said, "Eat the sweets in such a place where no one can see you, and when you have done so, come back to me."

Faruq took the sweets and went to his room. He shut the door from the inside and ate the sweets thinking that no one could see him there.

Abdullah went to the cellar of the house and he was sure that nobody was there. He ate the sweets in the darkness of the cellar.

Qasim thought and thought about a place where he could eat the sweets without anyone seeing him. He could think of no such place. Every time he thought about a place, he remembered that Allah could see him, and he did not eat the sweets.

Faruq and Abdullah came back and told Mr Hasan about what they did. Qasim came and returned the sweets to his father saying, "There is no place which is hidden from Allah so I did not eat the sweets."

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Mr Hasan was very pleased with Qasim. He told Faruq and Abdullah to learn a lesson from their brother Qasim.

Mr Hasan also said, "My dear sons! Always keep in mind that Allah تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى knows everything and He sees everything. He is with us all the time. So we should not do anything bad, even in secret - because Allah تَبَارَكَ وَتَعَالَى knows it all."



The Story of Alqamah

At the time of the Prophet ﷺ, there was a young man named Alqamah. He was very diligent in obeying Allah ﷻ by engaging in prayer and fasting and spending in charity.

Then one day, he fell ill and his illness became serious. His wife went to the Prophet ﷺ and said, "My husband, Alqamah, is on his deathbed. I therefore came to tell you, Messenger of Allah ﷻ, about his condition."

The Prophet ﷺ then sent for Ammar or Suhaib and Bilal رضي الله عنهم, and told them to go to him (Alqamah) and have him repeat the Shahadah. Thereupon they went to him and found him in the agony of death. They asked him to say, "لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ," but his tongue was unable to pronounce it. At that, they came and told the Messenger of Allah ﷻ that he was unable to repeat the Shahadah.

The Prophet ﷺ asked, "Is either of his parents alive?"

He was told, "Messenger of Allah, his mother is, but she is very old." The Prophet ﷺ sent her a message that if it was convenient for her (that is, if she was able to visit), she should come to him; otherwise she should stay in her house and the Prophet ﷺ would come to her.

The Messenger of Prophet ﷺ came to her and informed her of the message of Prophet ﷺ.

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She said, "May my life be a ransom for him, it is my pleasure to go to him!"

She then stood up, leaning on her walking stick, and came to the Prophet ﷺ and greeted him. The Prophet ﷺ returned her greeting and said to her, "Umm Alqamah, tell me the truth, for otherwise Allah Most High will reveal the truth to me! What is the situation concerning your son, Alqamah?"

She replied, "Messenger of Allah ﷺ, he prays much, fasts a great deal, and spends a great amount in charity."

"And what about yourself?" asked the Prophet ﷺ.

"Messenger of Allah ﷺ, I am angry with him," she said

"Why?" asked the Prophet ﷺ.

"Messenger of Allah, he has preferred his wife over me and has disobeyed me." Then Allah's Messenger ﷺ said, "Umm Alqamah, surely your anger has prevented Alqamah's tongue from pronouncing the Shahadah."

He then turned to Bilal رضي الله عنه and said, "Bilal رضي الله عنه, go out and collect a quantity of firewood."

"Messenger of Allah ﷺ, what do you plan to do?" asked Umm Alqamah.

He replied, "I will burn him in front of your eyes."

"Messenger of Allah ﷺ, he is my son! My heart cannot bear your burning him in front of me!" exclaimed Umm Alqamah.

"Umm Alqamah, Allah's punishment is more severe and more lasting! Therefore, if you want Allah to forgive him, be reconciled to him. By the

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One in Whose Hand is my soul, the prayer, fasting, and spending in charity (which he has done) are of no benefit to Alqamah as long as you are angry with him!" replied the Prophet ﷺ.

Thereupon she said, "Messenger of Allah ﷺ, I call upon Allah تبارك وتعالى the Most High and His angels and the Muslims who are present to be my witnesses that I am pleased with my son, Alqamah."

Allah's Messenger ﷺ said, "Bilal رضى الله عنه, go to him and see whether he is now able to say, لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ or not. It may be that Umm Alqamah is saying something for my sake which is not in her heart."

Thereupon Bilal رضى الله عنه went, and while entering the door he heard Alqamah saying, "لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ." (Concerning this), Bilal رضى الله عنه remarked, "It is surely true that while Alqamah's mother was angry with him his tongue was tied, and now that she is pleased with him his tongue is freed."

Alqamah died the same day. The Prophet ﷺ came to him and gave the order for his washing and shrouding, and then prayed the funeral prayer for him and buried him.

He then stood by the side of his grave and said, "You! Company of Muhajireen and Helpers, if anyone favours his wife over his mother, Allah and His angels and all the people curse him! Allah does not accept his spending (in charity) and his uprightness unless he repents toward Allah, the Glorious and Majestic, and reconciles with her and attains her pleasure, because Allah's pleasure consists in her pleasure and Allah's anger consists in her anger."

(Al-Zahr-ul-Fateh, (Ibn-e-Jazari), Ismo Uqooq-ul-Walideen: 17/1)



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The Window

Two men, both seriously ill, occupied the same hospital room. One man was allowed to sit up in his bed for an hour each afternoon to help drain the fluid from his lungs. His bed was next to the room's only window. The other man had to spend all his time flat on his back.

The men talked for hours on end. They spoke of their wives and families, their homes, their jobs, their involvement in the military service, the places they had been on vacation.

Every afternoon when the man in the bed by the window could sit up, he would pass the time by describing to his roommate all the things he could see outside the window.

The man in the other bed began to live for those one-hour periods where his world would be broadened and enlivened by all the activity and colour of the world outside.

The window overlooked a park with a lovely lake. Ducks and swans played in water while children sailed their model boats. Old ladies walked amidst flowers of every colour and a fine view of the city skyline could be seen at a distance.

As the man by the window described all this in exquisite detail, the man on the other side of the room would close his eyes and imagine the picturesque scene.

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One warm afternoon the man by the window described a group of school kids passing by. Although the other man couldn't hear the voices of the kids - he could see it with his inner eye, as the gentleman by the window described it.

Days and weeks passed by, one morning, the day nurse arrived to bring water for their bath only to find the lifeless body of the man by the window, who had died peacefully in his sleep. She was saddened and called the hospital attendants to take the body away.

As soon as it seemed appropriate, the other man asked if he could be moved next to the window. The nurse was happy to make the switch, and after making sure he was comfortable, she left him alone.

Slowly and painfully, he propped himself up on one elbow to take his first look at the real world outside. He strained to slowly turn to look out of the window beside the bed. It faced a blank wall.

The man asked the nurse what could have compelled his deceased roommate who had described such wonderful things outside this window. The nurse responded that the man was blind and could not even see the wall. She said,

"Perhaps he just wanted to encourage you."

There is tremendous happiness in making others happy, despite our own situations. Shared grief is half the sorrow, but happiness when shared, is doubled.

If you want to feel rich, just count all the things you have that money can't buy.

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An Unjust Ruler

A very long time ago there lived a ruler called Bahram. He was not a kind ruler at all. In fact he was a tyrant and governed without justice. He did whatever he wanted to do and did not care about the welfare of his people and refused to listen to his advisors who tried to guide him.

One day, things became so bad that his citizens sought the counsel of a wise Vizier, who had often tried to advise the king but failed, as to what they should do.

The Vizier thought for a minute then said:

"My advice to you is that you all leave the city for ten days." And so all the people packed the things they needed and left the city.

The next day when Bahram got up, everything was so quiet he went to the window and looked down at the market place. To his surprise he saw no one there.

He could not understand why there was no one around so he called for the Vizier who told him:

"A ruler can only be a ruler if he has subjects, if he has none, then, he is miserable."

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Bahram had never thought about this before so he asked his Vizier: "Well, what would you advise me to do?"

"Change your ways" replied the Vizier. And for the first time Bahram paid heed to the advice of his Vizier and said:

"I swear that from now on I am going to be a just ruler, and I am sorry for what I did."

When the people heard the good news, they gathered their belongings and returned to the city. Bahram kept his word and from that time onwards everyone was happy.



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Time (No Going Back)

Imagine there is a bank that credits your account each morning with £86,400. It carries over no balance from day to day. Every evening it deletes whatever part of the balance you failed to use during the day. What would you do? Draw out every penny? Of course!!!!!!

Each of us has such a bank. Its name is TIME. Every morning, it credits you with 86,400 seconds.

Every night it writes off, as lost, whatever of this you have failed to invest in good purposes. It carries over no balance. It allows no overdraft. Each day it opens a new account for you. Each night it burns the remains of the day. If you fail to use the day's deposits, the loss is yours. There is no going back.

There is no drawing against "tomorrow". You must live in the present on today's deposits. Invest it so as to get from it the utmost health, happiness, and success.

To realise the value of ONE YEAR, ask a student who failed a grade.

To realise the value of ONE MONTH, ask a mother who gave birth to a premature baby.

To realize the value of ONE WEEK, ask the editor of a weekly newspaper.

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To realise the value of ONE HOUR, ask the person waiting for a bus that is late.

To realise the value of ONE MINUTE, ask a person who missed the train.

To realise the value of ONE SECOND, ask a person who just avoided an accident.

To realise the value of ONE MILLISECOND, ask the person who won a silver medal in the Olympics.

Treasure every moment that you have!

And remember that time waits for no one. Yesterday is history. Tomorrow is mystery. Today is a gift. That's why it is called the present!



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The Moth

A man found a cocoon of an emperor moth.

He took it home so that he could watch the moth come out of the cocoon. On the day a small opening appeared, he sat and watched the moth for several hours as the moth struggled to force its body through that little hole.

Then it seemed to stop making any progress. It appeared as if it could come out no further. It just seemed to be stuck.

Then the man, in his kindness, decided to help the moth, so he took a pair of scissors and snipped off the remaining bit of the cocoon. The moth then emerged easily. But it had a swollen body and small, shrivelled wings.

The man continued to watch the moth because he expected that, at any moment the wings would enlarge and expand to be able to support the body, which would shrink in time.

Neither happened! In fact, the little moth spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and shrivelled wings. It never was able to fly.

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What the man in his kindness and haste did not understand was that the restricting cocoon and the struggle required for the moth to get through the tiny opening were a way of forcing the fluid out of the body of the moth into its wings to make it ready for flight once it had achieved its freedom from the cocoon.

Freedom and flight could only come after the struggle. By depriving the moth of a struggle, he deprived the moth of health and true freedom.

Sometimes struggles are exactly what we need in our life. If we are allowed to go through our life without any obstacles, it would cripple us. We would not be as strong as we could have been.



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Ridding ourselves of Unnecessary Baggage

A teacher told each of her students to bring a clear plastic bag and a sack of potatoes to school.

The teacher suggested to her pupils that for every person they had refused to forgive in their life's experience, they were to take a potato, and write on it the name and date, and put it in the plastic bag.

The teacher then told each of her students to carry this bag with them over their shoulders and on their backs everywhere they went for one week -- keeping the bag next to them at all times even beside their beds at night and by their desks throughout the school day, basically 24-hours a day!!!

Some of her students complained that the plastic bags were too heavy to carry around.

The hassle of physically carrying those heavy plastic bags around with them made it clear to the students what their teacher was trying to convey to them about the value of friendship and forgiveness. The students realised what a weight they were carrying spiritually!



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A Glass of Milk

One day, a poor boy who was selling goods from door to door to pay for his school expenses, found that he had only one thin dime left, and he was hungry. He decided he would ask for a meal at the next house.

However, he lost his confidence when a young woman opened the door.

Instead of a meal he asked for a drink of water. She perceived his misery and brought him a large glass of milk. He drank it slowly, and then asked,

"How much do I owe you?"

"You don't owe me anything," she replied. "Mother has taught us never to accept money for a kindness."

He said..... "Then I thank you from my heart."

As Faisal Ahmed left that house, he not only felt stronger physically, but his faith in God and man's kindness was enhanced too.

Years later that young woman became critically ill. The local doctors were baffled. They finally sent her to the big city, where they called in specialists to study her rare disease. Dr. Faisal Ahmed was called in for

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the consultation. When he heard the name of the town she came from, a strange light filled his eyes.

Immediately he rose and went down the hall of the hospital to her room.

Dressed in his doctor's gown he went in to see her. He recognized her at once. He went back to the consultation room determined to do his best to save her life. From that day he gave special attention to the case. After a long struggle, the battle was won. Dr. Ahmed requested the business office to pass the final bill to him for approval. He looked at it, and then wrote something on it and the bill was sent to her room.

She feared to open it, for she was sure it would take the rest of her life to pay for it all. Finally she looked, and something caught her attention on the side of the bill.

She read these words..... "Paid in full with one glass of milk"

Signed, Dr. Faisal Ahmed

Tears of joy flooded her eyes as her happy heart prayed, "Thank You Allah ﷻ, for Your love and generosity shines out of us humans, helping each other in times of need."



365 STORIES (PART-4)

The abnormal English Language - 1

Every Action has an equal and an opposite reaction. Similarly, every proverb has an equal and an opposite proverb! There always exist two sides of the same coin in English.

All good things come to those who wait
BUT
Time and tide wait for no man

The pen is mightier than the sword
BUT
Actions speak louder than words

Wise men think alike
BUT
Fools seldom differ

The best things in life are free things
BUT
There's no such thing as a free lunch

Slow and steady wins the race
BUT
Time waits for no man

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Look before you leap

BUT

Strike while the iron is hot

Do it well, or not at all

BUT

Half a loaf is better than none

Birds of a feather flock together

BUT

Opposites attract

Don't cross your bridges before you come to them

BUT

Forewarned is forearmed

Doubt is the beginning of wisdom

BUT

Faith will move mountains

Great starts make great finishes

BUT

It ain't over 'till it's over

Practice makes perfect

BUT

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy

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Silence is golden

BUT

The squeaky wheel gets the grease

You're never too old to learn

BUT

You can't teach an old dog new tricks

What's good for the goose is good for the gander

BUT

One man's food is another man's poison

Absence makes the heart grow fonder

BUT

Out of sight, out of mind

Too many cooks spoil the broth

BUT

Many hands make light work

Hold fast to the words of your ancestors

BUT

Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Masjid-un-Nabvi

Ahsan was very eager to know about Masjid-un-Nabvi. He had seen its pictures framed on the wall of his friend, Faizan's home.

He did not know what to do. So he went to Dada Jan, his Grandpa. Grandpa reminded him, "Remember son, try to read and find out about it yourself. And when you have found out about it, please come and show me so I may correct any wrong information that you have." Ahsan promptly replied, "Dada Jan, can I use your library? Sitting in front of the computer too long is bad for the eyes."

Grandpa kindly allowed him.

And so Ahsan opened up many books. Finally, he found a lot of information with pictures. He wrote down all the information he could get his hands on. Then he wrote everything properly on a piece of paper and showed it to Grandpa. "Here Dada Jan, please take a look at my article on Masjid-un-Nabvi."

Grandpa looked at it. He said, "Good, very good. You have become good at collecting and putting information in the correct manner. Everything here is right."

Here you can also have a look at what Ahsan wrote:

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Information on Masjid-e-Nabavi

Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ bought a piece of land. It was near the house of Abu Ayyub ؓ. This took place immediately after the Hijrah.

The Blessed Prophet ﷺ with his Sahabah ؓ, started building a Masjid on it. Thus, Rasulallah ﷺ again showed how important it is for Muslims to build a Masjid wherever they go.

He said, "Whoever builds a Masjid for the sake of Allah Ta'ala, Allah Ta'ala will reward him with a palace in Paradise."

All the Muhajireen (Muslims who travelled and moved to Madinah) and the Ansar (The helpers who lived in Madinah) worked very hard. Muhammad ﷺ himself worked day and night with them.

There were many Muslims, and they did not want their Prophet ﷺ to work. "You are our leader and Prophet," they told Rasulallah ﷺ. "We want you to rest and relax."

"The leader of the people is their servant," Rasulallah ﷺ replied. Thus, the Blessed Prophet ﷺ set an example for everyone. The leaders of the Muslims are the servants of the Ummah. They should work even harder than others.

The walls of the Masjid-un-Nabvi were made of mud and stone, the roof made of palm trees and stalks, and the floor of sand. It was a lot of hard work, but eventually it was finished. All the Muslims were happy when the Masjid was completed. They started performing salah in the Masjid five times daily. (Syraat-un-Nabi: 264/1)

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On one side of the Masjid, rooms were built for the family of Rasulullah ﷺ. This made it easy for the Muslims to reach the Blessed Prophet ﷺ. They met him five times each day at the time of Salah.

After Fajr Salah, he sat with his Sahabah and taught them. After Maghrib Salah, the women of Madinah came to his house, to learn Islam from him. (Uswa Rasool-e-Akram, Hayate tayyiba: 513/1)

People could come to him anytime. In this way, the Blessed Prophet ﷺ showed that those who want to serve Muslims and teach them Islam should live with them. Muslims are not allowed to leave the world and their families, and go to live in forests or monasteries.

In the Masjid al-Nabi, there was a platform in the Masjid called *Suffah*. Poor Muslims, who had no families and no homes, stayed there. They were called Ashab-e-Suffah, or the People of Suffah. Rasulullah ﷺ had a special love for Ashab-Suffah and he wanted them to stay close to him. (Syrat-un-Nabi: 274/1)

When Muhammad ﷺ died, he was buried in the room of his wife, A'isha رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهَا, next to the Masjid al-Nabi.

His two friends, Abu Bakr and Umar رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمَا, are also buried there.

Today, the Masjid al-Nabi is a big Masjid. Thousands of Muslims go there every year to offer Salah. They also go to the graves of the Prophet ﷺ and his Sahabah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمَا and offer their Salam.

Those who build and visit a masjid, about them Allah تَعَالَى says,

"Only he will build and visit Allah's Masjid who believes in Allah and the Day of Judgement, who observes Salah, pays Zakat, and does not fear anyone except Allah." (Surah Al-Tawbah, ...)

365 STORIES (PART-4)

Brownies with a Difference

The teens wanted to see the latest movies, a blockbuster. Father told them "No!" The teens started arguing. Here is what happened:

It had their favourite actors. Everyone else was seeing it. Even other Muslims members said it was great.

It was only suggestive of some bad scenes-- they never really showed it. The language was pretty decent-- only three instances of vulgar and abusive words were used in the whole movie.

The teens did admit there was a scene where a building and a bunch of people were blown up, but the violence was just the normal stuff. It wasn't too bad. And, even if there were a few minor things, the special effects were fabulous and the plot was action packed.

However, even with all the justifications the teens made, the father still wouldn't give in. He didn't even give his children a satisfactory explanation for saying, "No." He just said, "No!"

A little later on that evening the father asked his teens if they would like some brownies he had baked. He explained that he'd taken the family's favourite recipe and added a little something new. The children asked what it was.

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The father calmly replied that he had added a little bit of dirty mud. However, he quickly assured them, it was only a little bit. All other ingredients were gourmet quality and he had taken great care to bake the brownies at the precise temperature for the exact time. He was sure the brownies would be superb.

Even with their father's promise that the brownies were of almost perfect quality, the teens would not take any. The father acted surprised. After all, it was only one small part that was causing them to be so stubborn. He was certain they would hardly notice it. Still the teens held firm and would not try the brownies.

The father then told his children how the movie they wanted to see was just like the brownies. Our minds trick us into believing that just a little bit of evil won't matter. But, the truth is even a little bit of "dirty mud" makes the difference between a great treat and something disgusting and totally unacceptable.

The father went on to explain that even though the movie industry would have us believe that most of today's movies are acceptable for adults and youth, they are not. Besides movies are time wasting and destructive.

Now, whenever those children wanted to see something questionable, the father would merely ask them if they would like to have some of his special dirty mud brownies. That would always close the subject.



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Rocks at Night

Once, a group of people were travelling on rocks at night. A voice came from the sky that whosoever picks up the rocks will regret and whosoever doesn't pick up the rocks will regret.

Now, the people were confused. How can this be? Whether you pick up the rocks or not, you will regret!

Anyway, some people picked up the rocks and some didn't. In the morning when they reached their homes, they saw that the rocks turned into diamonds.

Now, those people who didn't pick up the rocks started regretting saying "If only we had picked up some rocks."

Those people who did pick some rocks also started regretting, saying "Why didn't we pick up more rocks?" Both sides ended up regretting.

Just like this on the Day of Judgement those who waste time in useless activities will regret that they did not utilize their time in doing good deeds, and those who did good deeds will regret why they did not do more.



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The Mouse and the Trap

A mouse looked through the crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife open a package.

“What food might this contain?” The mouse wondered - he was devastated to discover it was a mousetrap.

Retreating to the farmyard, the mouse proclaimed the warning: “There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!”

The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said,

“Mr. Mouse, I can tell this is a grave concern to you, but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it.”

The mouse turned to the lamb and told him, “There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!”

The lamb sympathised, but said, “I am so very sorry, Mr. Mouse, but there is nothing I can do about it but pray. Be assured you are in my prayers.”

The mouse turned to the cow and said, “There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!”

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The cow said, "Oh, Mr. Mouse. I'm sorry for you, but this does not concern me."

So, the mouse returned to the house, head down and dejected, to face the farmer's mousetrap alone.

That very night a sound was heard throughout the house — like the sound of a mousetrap catching its prey.

The farmer's wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she did not see it was a venomous snake whose tail the trap had caught.

The snake bit the farmer's wife. The farmer rushed her to the hospital, and she returned home with a fever. Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup, so the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard for the soup's main ingredient.

But his wife's sickness continued, so friends and neighbours came to sit with her around the clock. To feed them, the farmer butchered the lamb.

The farmer's wife did not get well; she died. So many people came to her funeral, the farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide enough meat for all of them.

The mouse looked upon it all from his crack in the wall with great sadness.

So, the next time, you hear someone is facing a problem and think it doesn't concern you, remember — when one of us is threatened, we are all at risk.



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Pride; the Mother of All Ills

A long time ago, near the present day Mongolia was a small place, much smaller than a village. It was called, Bait-ul-Hikmat. Only two families lived there. There were no schools, no people, only the two families.

One family was very proud; they thought they knew everything important. And they also thought that what they don't know is useless. The surname of this family was "Know-it-all".

On the other hand the second family was humble. They were also very inquisitive. They had a habit of asking questions and trying to find out about what they did not know. Their surname was "Find-it-out"

The know-it-alls could not stand the find-it-outs because they thought the find-it-outs were ignorant and uneducated. So, they left the small piece of land, Bait-ul-Hikmat and settled in a new farm like place called, Bait-ul-Kibr.

After many years had passed, the know-it-alls, who never tried to find out more, or use new methods; faced a lot of problems because their family grew so large that Bait-ul-Kibr could not hold all of them.

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So they migrated to a new place. But that new place was actually the old Bait-ul-Hikmat. They saw there a family living with no problems. The family had well-built home, farm, water system, trees, a school, a park and every other thing needed. The Know-it-all Grandpa immediately recognised the other family's Grandpa. Yes! He was the Find-it-out Grandpa, the person he thought knew nothing.

He went up and asked him angrily, "You! I know you; you are the Find-it-out. You never knew anything, then how come you are so advanced compared to us, the Know-it-all?"

The Find-it-all Grandpa politely replied, "My dear Mr Know-it-all, actually we always thought that we don't know anything. So we tried to find out the answers, and as we started finding out more we flourished more and more. You always thought you knew everything, so you never wanted to find out more. That is why you are now in problems."

Now Grandpa Know-it-all realised his mistake and told his family, "Dear kids! Today I have realised that we were wrong. Seeking knowledge is an obligation on every Muslim. But we thought that we knew everything and stopped learning and indulged in useless activities; that is why we are now behind the world. From now on we will learn more and not be proud, because I have learnt today a new thing, 'Pride is the mother of all ill'. I am sorry to say that all these years we were wrong."



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What If

Dear children! Today we will count the blessings that we receive everyday. Yes! No stories for today! But you know every day is not Sunday. And anyway it is good to sit back and count the blessings every now and then. So here we go:

What if Allah تبارك وتعالى didn't take the time to bless us today because we didn't take the time to thank Him yesterday?

What if Allah تبارك وتعالى decided to stop leading us, because we didn't follow Him anyway?

What if we never saw another flower blooming because we grumbled when Allah تبارك وتعالى sent the rain

What if Allah تبارك وتعالى took away His message because we failed to listen to the messenger?

What if Allah تبارك وتعالى stopped loving and caring for us because we failed to love and care for others?

What if Allah تبارك وتعالى would not hear us today because we would not listen to Him yesterday?

What if Allah تبارك وتعالى answered our prayers only in the way we answer His call to service?

What if Allah تبارك وتعالى met our needs the way we give Him our lives???

We need to work hard to deserve the things Allah تبارك وتعالى has given us. Be vigilant to give as much as you receive.

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The King and the Two Slaves

Once, a king purchased two slaves. One of them was handsome while the other was ugly.

The king asked the handsome slave to go and take a bath. While he was away, the king turned to the other (ugly) slave and said, "Your companion has given a very bad account of you. He said that you are a thief and of bad character. Is this correct?"

The slave replied that his companion was a handsome person, and his exterior beauty must be reflected by inward beauty as well. He could not believe that such a beautiful man could tell a lie. He therefore said, "If my companion has a bad opinion about me, there must certainly be something wrong with me. I am afraid he must be correct."

The king observed that beauty was only an Allah تبارك وتعالى given gift, and it did not follow that a person who had a handsome face had a pure heart as well.

The king was greatly impressed with the character and intelligence of this slave. In the meantime, the first slave had returned from his bath.

The king sent the second slave (i.e. the ugly slave to have a bath) and in his absence told the handsome slave that his fellow slave had given a bad account of him.

On hearing this, the handsome slave burst into invectives against his companion and said that he was a rascal and a liar.

The king thus came to the conclusion that the slave with a beautiful face had no inner worth, while the slave with an ugly face had much inner worth.

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The Three Dolls

A sage presented a prince with a set of three small dolls. The prince was not amused.

“Am I a girl that you give me dolls?” he asked.

“This is a gift for a future king,” said the man. “If you look carefully, you’ll see a hole in the ear of each doll.”

“So?”

The sage handed him a piece of string.

“Pass it through each doll,” he said.

Intrigued, the prince picked up the first doll and put the string into the ear.

It came out from the other ear.

“This is one type of person,” said the man. “Whatever you tell him, comes out from the other ear. He doesn’t retain anything.”

The prince put the string into the second doll. It came out from the mouth.

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“This is the second type of person,” said the man. “Whatever you tell him, he tells everybody else.”

The prince picked up the third doll and repeated the process. The string did not reappear from anywhere else.

“This is the third type of person,” said the man. “Whatever you tell him is locked up within him. It never comes out.”

“What is the best type of person?” asked the prince.

The man handed him a fourth doll, in answer.

When the prince put the string into the doll, it came out from the other ear.

“Do it again,” said the sage. The prince repeated the process. This time the string came out from the mouth. When he put the string in a third time, it did not come out at all.

“This is the best type of person,” said the sage. “To be trustworthy and wise, a man must know when not to listen, when to remain silent and when to speak out.”



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All in One

Once a man came to the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ and said, "Oh prophet of Allah, I have many bad habits. Which one of them should I give up first?"

The prophet said, "Give up telling lies first and always speak the truth." The man promised to do so and went home.

At night the man was about to go out to steal. Before setting out, he thought for a moment about the promise he made with the Prophet ﷺ. "If tomorrow the Prophet ﷺ asks me where I have been, what shall I say? Shall I say that I went out stealing? No, I cannot say that. But nor can I lie. If I tell the truth, everyone will start hating me and calling me a thief. I would be punished for stealing."

So the man decided not to steal that night, and gave up this bad habit.

Next day, he felt like drinking wine, when he was about to do so, he said to himself, "What shall I say to the prophet ﷺ if he asks me what did I do during the day? I cannot tell a lie, and if I speak the truth people will hate me, because a Muslim is not allowed to drink wine." And so he gave up the idea of drinking wine.

In this way, whenever the man thought of doing something bad, he remembered his promise to tell the truth at all times. One by one, he gave up all his bad habits and became a good Muslim and a very good person.

(Tafsir-e-Razi: 117/8, At-Tauba: 119)

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The Witty Poet Got Rich

Once there lived a clever poor poet who could write great poems. All the other poets were jealous of his abilities and used to taunt him so much that even with all his great poems he was living a life full of misery.

One day he thought it was enough and decided he would show the rest of the poets that he could get more than they had through one poem. All the poets laughed at him, but he was serious and made a bet.

He then made an excellent poem praising the king. He went to the king's court and read the out poem aloud. The king was extremely pleased and said, "Ask what you want and it shall be granted." The poet was very smart, he said, "O king! Please grant me a dog."

The king got angry and said, "I want you to ask for your needs but all you ask of is a dog."

The poet replied, "Sire! I know what I need, and I need a hunting dog so please grant me a dog."

The king thought that maybe this is all that the poet needed and said, "Your wish is granted. Guards! Give the poet a hunting dog."

Now the poet got a little confident and said, "Sire! With due respect, I beg to state that I am not strong enough to go on foot with the dog for hunting."

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The king ordered his guards, "Give the poet a horse also."

The poet put up another wish, "But Sire who will take care of the horse."

The king said, "Guards provide a man to the poet who can look after the horse."

The poet said, "Sire! I hope you don't get angry but who will cook the food after I come home from hunting?"

The king ordered to provide the poet with an excellent cook.

But the poet kept on asking for more. He said, "Sire I don't have any place to keep all these people and animals."

The king thought that he should be considerate of a poor poet and said, "You have been granted a big house with a stable."

But the poet wanted more and said, "Sire you are very generous and have taken care of such a miserable old poet, I hope you understand that I have a family to feed also." The king was very happy to hear the poet say that he is generous and granted him a big piece of land with house, servants and a constant source of income.

Thus the clever poet got all that he needed through just one good poem. All the other poets were dumbfounded as they could not believe that the poor old poet really did speak the truth - - - And he wasn't poor any more, mind it!



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Road to Dendron

This is an old story about a boy named Muneer. He used to study in an old school in Karachi called as “Kharadar English School” way back in 1938. It is such an old story that the school does not even exist today, and we don’t know where Muneer went and where he is now.

Muneer used to be very inquisitive and active child. All his teachers used to praise him. But the most amazing thing about Muneer was, he knew about all the roads in Karachi. Back then, Karachi wasn’t as big as it is today, but still for a little kid to know so much about roads, streets and lanes was an amazing thing.

One day his English teacher, Sir Rehan was teaching a new chapter about flowers and plants.

He told the class, “Dear kids, today I will dictate to you some of the new words which you will be reading in this chapter. Pick up your pencils and start writing the words as I speak them out. I will repeat each word three times, if you do not understand it after that please raise your hands and ask me.”

Then he started to say each word out loud, “Number one Fern - - Fern - - Fern, number two eucalyptus - - eucalyptus - - eucalyptus.” A boy raised his hands saying, “Sir I don’t get it.”

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Sir Rehan spoke kindly, "E U eu, C A ca, L Y P lyp, T U S tus. I hope you got it now."

The boy said, "Yes sir, I was confused with lyp, because I thought it was the same as in lips. Thank you, sir."

Sir Rehan proceeded again, "Number three Flora - - Flora - - Flora, number four Floribunda - - Floribunda - - Floribunda, number five rhododendron - - rhododendron - - Muneer are you having any problems? Khalid what is it that Muneer is asking you, please stand up and tell us."

Khalid stood up and said, "Sir, Muneer is asking me where is Dendron."

Sir Rehan was a bit angry.

He said, "Khalid you may sit down. Muneer, we all know you know a lot about roads. But the classroom isn't the right place to be asking directions. Will you please explain why you did what you did?"

Muneer stood up and said, "Sir I am very sorry to disturb the class, but I thought you said 'Road to Dendron'. You know sir that I am really curious about all the roads, and I never heard of such a place or road so I was very excited to know about it. Sir I am sor - - -"

But before he could finish the sentence everyone in the class was all smiles. In fact Sir Rehan was giggling and could hardly control himself. Finally he spoke, "Muneer, have you heard the proverb 'curiosity killed the cat.' This is exactly what happened right now. I never mentioned anything about Dendron or a road leading to this place, I said Rhododendron, which is a shrub with bell-shaped flowers. I think you heard me saying road to Dendron"

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From that day onwards Muneer was very careful in listening what was being said. He never ever interrupted while somebody else was speaking.

And he never asked anyone about roads again. May be that is why we never heard of him again because as he never asked for directions or roads. He must have been lost somewhere near a place called Dendron.



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The abnormal English Language – 2

There is a technique in English writing and speaking called alliteration, here are some sentences in alliteration for you to enjoy:

1. The bandage was wound around the wound.
2. The farm was used to produce produce.
3. The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
4. We must polish the Polish furniture.
5. He could lead if he would get the lead out.
6. The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
7. Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
8. The base was painted first on the base.
9. When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
10. I did not object to the object.
11. The ticket was invalid for the invalid.
12. There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
13. They were too close to the door to close it.
14. The buck does funny things when the does are present.
15. A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.
16. To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
17. The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
18. Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
19. I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
20. How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?

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A True Story of How a Punk Accepts Islam

Let's start at the beginning (always a good place, Al-hamdu lillaah). Life began for me in a place called Chatham in Kent in England, way, way back in 1383H/1963CE. I am a girl, an only child. My parents and their parents and their parents, etc., were all English along with me so as you can see I am not from an Islamic background.

Anyway, when I was only a little tot of barely 4 years my parents packed up and whooshed us all across the Atlantic to North America. My parents loved it over there but I grew up to hate it. I never got on there no matter how hard I tried. With my limited knowledge I felt English at heart (may Allah protect me from feelings of nationalism and other such nonsense) and my mission in life was to return to the UK. I had a long wait in front of me.

All my life, in spite of the usual selfish non-Islamic lifestyle I led, my love towards my Creator was always in the background, mash Allah. But, due to my pride and insecurity, I clung to the antics of my generation. This was the age of punk rock. I became drawn into this scene when I was 14 years old. Due to my difficult upbringing from a household full of violence and perversion I entered into this rage with gusto - Astaghfirullah (Mây Allah forgive me)!! Those whom I called my friends back then were merely inmates within a prison we had made for ourselves. I never

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completed school, never acquired a career and was generally an aimless individual. I was the epitome of what a person is when she does not worship her Creator, تَبَاهُتًا.

'I worked and saved my money until I had enough to finally get back to England. I was 25 years old. All I had was a suitcase in my hand, the future ahead of me, and my sins behind me. All my life (as I had mentioned above) especially in the quiet moments, you know when the hustle and bustle of daily life comes to an end and it's night-time and there you are alone in your bed, I would think of Allah although I only knew Him as God. I knew my mistakes, I knew my sins. Well you do, don't you, when you're alone and you don't have to pretend in front of anyone. Many nights I cried and prayed in my clumsy way for help.

I still dressed outrageously with spiked hair, bizarre eye make-up, leather jacket - the works, astaghfir-ullah. I was weak - as we all are, but weakness combined with insecure pride is a volatile combination.

Over the years here in England not much had changed. More and more I remembered how every time throughout my life I had seen something to do with Islam (masha Allah); it always touched me deeply in a place where nothing had ever touched me. I always used to wonder at this because the feeling felt so pure, so unique, so true and dignified. Over the years I didn't pursue its implications because I suppose it frightened me - WaAllaahu a'lam (Allah knows best). But since being in England the feeling for Islam became stronger and stronger until it was on my mind daily. I had a room-mate whom I was close to and I would sometimes talk about my feelings for Islam and how I didn't understand the strength of the feeling. I did not know any Muslims and nothing

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about Islam except that Muslims read the Qur'an. I knew that there was a masjid sort of near by and sometimes I saw people whom I thought were Muslims and that was it.

Then, one day, almost 4 years ago, I and my then room-mate were walking down one of the main roads we have. It was a pleasant sunny day and the shade of the trees was cool and still I was dressed in my ridiculous gear. Out of nowhere I stopped and turned to my friend and said,

"I've got to do it; I've got to become a Muslim today." How can I explain to you the feeling that I felt at that moment which made me say these words. It had been building up gradually for a little while and on that pavement I felt such joy, such tearful joy and I was truly overwhelmed. Allah had chosen the time! My friend was shocked and I had to try hard to stop myself from audibly crying. It was the most incredible thing. Without embarrassment as to my appearance I went to the masjid I had seen a long time before and took my Shahadah (declaration of faith).

Out of the choice of names I chose the one that meant the most to me and began my new life, masha Allah. A sister gave me a hijab and niqab the next day and since then I have worn nothing else when leaving my home, masha Allah. I was like a baby again. When I began attending halaqat (study circles) I saw how the other sisters carried themselves. Always, always they mentioned Allah's name with such ease and for the first time I felt the joy of being in the company of those who loved Allah. It was then that I realised the answers to so many questions I didn't realise I had been asking all my life. Al-hamdulillaah (all praise is due to Allah), my fitrah (natural pure state humans are born upon) won through

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and Allah guided me to the Deen (His religion – Islam). To look at me then, any person would have thought me such an unlikely candidate, but Allah sees us for who we really are and He guides whom He wills. I have taught myself to read 'Arabic and am learning tajweed (correct pronunciation of reciting Qur'an). I am surrounded by so many Muslims who fear Allah and whom I see often. I mean none of my above mentioned achievements as pride, indeed I wouldn't mention them at all if it wasn't for this introduction because I want to stress how Allah can change a person so incredibly, if He chooses as He **تَبَوَّأَ لِي** changed me.

It is a real blessing, masha Allah, how far I have come. My time now is spent studying, endless computer work towards the Deen - Masha Allah, and giving da'wah (calling to Allah's religion). I seek guidance from Allah to increase my knowledge and understanding and that He (the Most High) will be pleased with me, Aameen.

(www.themodernreligion.com)



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A Night That Showed Light

This was it! Arif was sick and tired of the bickering of his parents. He decided it was enough and waited for everyone to sleep, and then he would run away. Was it his fault if he felt hungry and ate his sister's ice cream? He always felt hungry while studying. He thought that his parents only scolded him and did not love or understand him, "I am not fat, I am just chubby. They always tell me not to eat this or that. Why me?"

So when everyone was asleep he quietly packed some food, a pair of clothes, took his pocket money and left. It was cold and scary outside, but he was determined to leave for good. As he got on the main road, a man called him from behind,

"Hey kid! Don't do this, go back home!" Arif was angry and said, "How do you know I am running away and - - - Look at yourself, you skinny beggar!" The man replied,

"Exactly, you see, thirty years ago I left my family thinking they don't love me. I used to live in this very area, and after three weeks when I had run out of money I came back only to find that my mother died, and the others left because they were heartbroken without me. And since then I have been on the streets begging. Go back because they love you and they care; they only scold you because they love you.

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“Remember! Only those people who love you will take the time to scold you. Those who don’t care will never scold you.”

Arif was ashamed. He thanked Allah Ta’ala for showing the truth. He went back quietly, put the food and clothes in their places, kissed his parents lightly so that they do not wake up and went to sleep. Before his eyes closed, he prayed, “Thank You my dear Allah Ta’ala for blessing me with good parents, family and everything. I am a very mean boy, please forgive me and show me the right way.”



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A Brother like That

Shuaib received an automobile from his brother as an Eid present. On Eid day when Shuaib came out of his office, a street urchin was walking around the shiny new car, admiring it.

"Is this your car, Uncle?" he asked. Shuaib nodded.

"My brother gave it to me for Eid." The boy was astounded.

"You mean your brother gave it to you and it didn't cost you anything? Boy, I wish..." He hesitated. Of course Shuaib knew what he was going to wish for. He was going to wish he had a brother like that. But what the lad said jarred Shuaib all the way down to his heels.

"I wish," the boy went on, "that I could be a brother like that." Shuaib looked at the boy in astonishment, and then impulsively he added,

"Would you like to take a ride in my automobile?"

"Oh yes, I'd love that."

After a short ride, the boy turned and with his eyes glowing, said, "Uncle, would you mind driving in front of my house?" Shuaib smiled a little. He thought he knew what the lad wanted. He wanted to show his neighbours that he could ride home in a big automobile. But Shuaib was wrong again.

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"Will you stop where those two steps are?" the boy asked. He ran up the steps. Then in a little while Shuaib heard him coming back, but he was not coming fast. He was carrying his little crippled brother. He helped him sit down on the bottom step, then cuddled him and pointed to the car.

"There she is, just like I told you upstairs. His brother gave it to him for Eid and it didn't cost him a penny. And some day I'm going to give you one just like that...then you can see for yourself all the pretty things in the shop windows that I've been trying to tell you about."

Shuaib got out and lifted the boy to the front seat of his car. The older brother climbed in beside him, beaming with joy, and the three of them began a memorable holiday ride. That Eid, Shuaib learned what the Rasulallah ﷺ meant when he had said, "*Love for your brother what you love for yourself*".



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A Carrot, an Egg or Coffee

A daughter complained to her father about her life and how things were so hard for her. She did not know how she was going to make it and wanted to give up. She was tired of fighting and struggling. When one problem was solved a new one emerged like a bolt out of the blue.

Her father, a chef, took her into the kitchen. He filled three pots with water and placed each on a high fire. Soon the pots came to a boil. In one he placed carrots, in the second he placed eggs, and in the last he placed ground coffee beans. He let them boil, without saying a word.

The daughter sucked her teeth and waited impatiently wondering what he was up to then. In about twenty minutes he turned off the burners. He fished the carrots out and placed them in a bowl. He pulled the eggs out and placed them a bowl. Then he ladled the coffee out and placed it in a bowl.

Turning to her he asked. "Darling, what do you see?"

"Carrots, eggs, and coffee," she replied.

He brought her closer and asked her to feel the carrots. She did and noted that they were soft. He then asked her to take an egg and break it. After pulling off the shell, she observed the hard-boiled egg. Finally, he asked her to sip the coffee. She smiled as she tasted its rich aroma.

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She humbly asked. "What does it mean father?"

He explained that each of them had faced the same adversity, boiling water, but each reacted differently.

The carrot went in strong, hard, and unrelenting. But after being subjected to the boiling water, it softened and became weak.

The egg had been fragile. Its thin outer shell had protected its liquid interior. But after being thoroughly boiled, its inside became hardened.

The ground coffee beans were unique however. After they were in the boiling water for quite some time, they changed the water.

"Which are you?" he asked his daughter. "When adversity knocks on your door, how do you respond? Are you like a carrot that seems hard, but with pain and adversity wilts, becomes soft and loses strength? Are you the egg, which starts off with a malleable heart? Were you a fluid spirit, who after facing problems became hardened and stiff? Your shell looks the same, but are you now bitter and tough with a stiff spirit and heart?"

"Or are you like coffee beans? The bean changes the hot water, the source of pain, to its best flavour when it reaches 212 degrees Fahrenheit. When the water gets the hottest, it just tastes better. If you are like coffee beans, when things are at their worst, you get better and make things better around you."



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Fresh Fish

The Japanese have always loved fresh fish. But the waters close to Japan have not held many fish for decades. So to feed the Japanese population, fishing boats got bigger and went farther than ever. The farther the fishermen went, the longer it took to bring in the fish. If the return trip took more than a few days, the fish were not fresh. The Japanese did not like the taste. To solve this problem, fishing companies installed freezers on their boats.

They would catch the fish and freeze them at sea. Freezers allowed the boats to go farther and stay longer. However, the Japanese could taste the difference between fresh and frozen and they did not like frozen fish.

The frozen fish brought a lower price. So fishing companies installed fish tanks. They would catch the fish and stuff them in the tanks, fin to fin. After a little thrashing around, the fish stopped moving. They were tired and dull, but alive. Unfortunately, the Japanese could still taste the difference. Because the fish did not move for days, they lost their fresh-fish taste. The Japanese preferred the lively taste of fresh fish, not sluggish fish.

So how did Japanese fishing companies solve this problem? How do they get fresh-tasting fish to Japan? If you were consulting the fish industry, what would you recommend?

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How Japanese Fish Stay Fresh: To keep the fish tasting fresh, the Japanese fishing companies still put the fish in the tanks. But now they add a small shark to each tank. The shark eats a few fish, but most of the fish arrive in a very lively state. The fish are challenged.

Have you realized that some of us are also living in a pond but most of the time tired & dull, so we need a Shark in our life to keep us awake and moving? Basically in our lives Sharks are new challenges to keep us active and lively.....



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What makes all the difference in your Effort!!

Ever heard the story of the giant ship engine that failed? The ship's owners tried one expert after another, but none of them could figure out how to fix the engine. Then they brought in an old man who had been fixing ships since he was a youngster. He carried a large bag of tools with him, and when he arrived, he immediately went to work. He inspected the engine very carefully, top to bottom. Two of the ship's owners were there, watching this man, hoping he would know what to do. After looking things over, the old man reached into his bag and pulled out a small hammer. He gently tapped something. Instantly, the engine lurched into life. He carefully put his hammer away. The engine was fixed! A week later, the owners received a bill from the old man for ten thousand dollars. "What?!" the owners exclaimed. "He hardly did anything!"

So they wrote the old man a note saying, "Please send us an itemized bill."

The man sent a bill that read:

Tapping with a hammer	\$	2.00
Knowing where to tap	\$	9998.00

Effort is important, but knowing where to make an effort in your life makes all the difference.

365 STORIES (PART-4)

If you want me to carry it, I will

A young woman was invited to go rock climbing. Although she was scared to death, she went with her group to a tremendous granite cliff. In spite of her fear, she put on the gear, took a hold on the rope, and started up the face of that rock. Well, she got to a ledge where she could take a breather. As she was hanging on there, the safety rope snapped against Bina's eye and knocked out her contact lens.

Well, here she is on a rock ledge, with hundreds of feet below her and hundreds of feet above her. Of course, she looked and looked and looked, hoping it had landed on the ledge, but it just wasn't there. Here she was, far from home, her sight now blurry. She was desperate and began to get upset, so she prayed to the Lord to help her to find it.

When she got to the top, a friend examined her eye and her clothing for the lens, but there was no contact lens to be found. She sat down, despondent, with the rest of the party, waiting for the rest of them to make it up the face of the cliff. She looked out across range after range of mountains; thinking of that Allah Ta'ala has power upon all things & knows everything. She thought, "O Allah! You can see all these mountains. You know every stone and leaf, and you know exactly where my contact lens is. Please help me."

Finally, they walked down the trail to the bottom. At the bottom, there was a new party climbers just starting up the face of the cliff. One of them shouted out, "Hey, you guys! Anybody lose a contact lens?" Well, that would be startling enough, but you know why the climber saw it? An ant was moving slowly across the face of the rock, carrying it!

365 STORIES (PART-4)

Self-confidence

A business executive was deep in debt and could see no way out. Creditors were closing in on him. Suppliers were demanding payment. He sat on the park bench, head in hands, wondering if anything could save his company from bankruptcy.

Suddenly an old man appeared before him. "I can see that something is troubling you," he said. After listening to the executive's woes, the old man said, "I believe I can help you." He asked the man his name, wrote out a cheque, and pushed it into his hand saying, "Take this money. Meet me here exactly one year from today, and you can pay me back at that time." Then he turned and disappeared as quickly as he had come.

The business executive saw in his hand a cheque for \$500,000, signed by John D. Rockefeller, then one of the richest men in the world! "I can erase my money worries in an instant!" he realized. But instead, the executive decided to put the un-cashed cheque in his safe. Just knowing it was there might give him the strength to work out a way to save his business, he thought.

With renewed optimism, he negotiated better deals and extended terms of payment. He closed several big sales. Within a few months, he was out of debt and making money once again. Exactly one year later, he returned to the park with the un-cashed cheque. At the agreed-upon

365 STORIES (PART-4)

time, the old man appeared. But just as the executive was about to hand back the cheque and share his success story, a nurse came running up and grabbed the old man.

“I’m so glad I caught him!” she cried. “I hope he hasn’t been bothering you. He’s always escaping from the rest home and telling people he’s John D. Rockefeller.” And she led the old man away by the arm. The astonished executive just stood there, stunned. All year long he’d been wheeling and dealing, buying and selling, convinced he had half a million dollars behind him.

Suddenly, he realized that it wasn’t the money, real or imagined that had turned his life around. It was his newfound self-confidence that gave him the power to achieve anything he went after.



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Power of Positive Talk

A man was lost while driving through the countryside. As he tried to reach for the map, he accidentally drove off the road into a ditch. Though he wasn't injured, his car was stuck deep in the mud. So the man walked to a nearby farm to ask for help.

"Waseem can get you out of that ditch," said the farmer, pointing to an old mule standing in a field. The man looked at the decrepit old mule and looked at the farmer who just stood there repeating, "Yep, old Waseem can do the job." The man figured he had nothing to lose. The two men and the mule made their way back to the ditch. The farmer hitched the mule to the car. With a snap of the reins, he shouted, "Pull, Fareed! Pull, Fareed! Pull, Tariq! Pull, Waseem!"

And the mule pulled that car right out of the ditch.

The man was amazed. He thanked the farmer, patted the mule, and asked, "Why did you call out all of those names before you called Waseem?"

The farmer grinned and said, "Old Waseem is just about blind. As long as he believes he's part of a team, he doesn't mind pulling."



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Don't be Selfish – Fire

A couple, whom we shall call John and Mary, had a nice home and two lovely children, a boy and a girl. John had a good job and had just been asked to go on a business trip to another city and would be gone for several days.

It was decided that Mary needed an outing and would go along too. They hired a reliable woman to care for the children and made the trip, returning home a little earlier than they had planned. As they drove into their home town feeling glad to be back, they noticed smoke, and they went off their usual route to see what it was.

They found a home in flames. Mary said, "Oh well it isn't our fire, let's go home." But John drove closer and exclaimed, "That home belongs to Fred Jones who works at the plant. He wouldn't be off work yet, maybe there is something we could do."

"It has nothing to do with us", protested Mary. "You have your good clothes on lets not get any closer." But John drove up and stopped and they were both horror stricken to see the whole house in flames. A woman on the lawn was in hysterics screaming, "The children! Get the children!" John grabbed her by the shoulder saying, "Get a hold of yourself and tell us where the children are!"

365 STORIES (PART-4)

“In the basement,” sobbed the woman, “down the hall and to the left.”

In spite of Mary’s protests John grabbed the water hose and soaked his clothes, put his wet handkerchief on his head and bolted for the basement which was full of smoke and scorching hot. He found the door and grabbed two children, holding one under each arm like the football player he was.

As he left he could hear some more whimpering. He delivered the two badly frightened and nearly suffocated children into waiting arms and filled his lungs with fresh air and started back asking how many more children were down there.

They told him two more and Mary grabbed his arm and screamed, “John! Don’t go back! It’s suicide! That house will cave in any second!” But he shook her off and went back by feeling his way down the smoke filled hallway and into the room.

It seemed an eternity before he found both children and started back. They were all three coughing and he stooped low to get what available air he could. As he stumbled up the endless steps the thought went through his mind that there was something strangely familiar about the little bodies clinging to him, and at last when they came out into the sunlight and fresh air, he found that he had just rescued his own children.

The baby-sitter had left them at this home while she did some shopping.



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Mansur's Captive

After the demise of the Banu Umayya Sultanate during the rule of Mansur, someone informed him that a certain person holds many treasures belonging to the Banu Umayya dynasty: a great deal of wealth which had been entrusted to him. Caliph Mansur decreed that he be brought before him and he was summoned. The Caliph addressed him,

“We have heard that you are holding wealth belonging to Banu Umayya in trust, bring it forth.”

Upon hearing these words the person replied serenely,

“Are you the heir of Banu Umayya?”

“No,” replied the Caliph.

“Then, are you a beneficiary of their will?”

“No.”

“You are neither their heir nor their beneficiary and that does not entitle you to demand any part of the wealth which they have left behind.”

Upon listening to these remarks of the captive the Caliph remained for a while, his head bowed down. Then he said,

365 STORIES (PART-4)

"The Banu Umayyaya have oppressed the Muslims and acquired their wealth in my possession is really of that belonging to the Banu Umayyaya which they acquired through cruelty and oppression. I say this because there was, without doubt, such property that was acquired through entirely legitimate means."

Listening to his words the Caliph again fell into a reverie. He then said to his Vizier, Rabi,

"This man speaks the truth; assuredly he is not in our debt." said that, he turned to the prisoner, "Do you need anything?"

"Yes! One thing I would ask of you is that this delay to my home so that they can be in peace well: they had been acutely worried to Secondly, I would require that that person brought this accusation against me anything belonging to Banu Umayyaya you I gave that answer which

The Caliph sent for Ameerul Mu'minin and cried out, "O Ameerul Mu'minin, I have given you 3,000 dinars from my treasury."

The Caliph flushed with anger,

365 STORIES (PART-4)

"Yes, it is and I am guilty of all that he has said. Now the Caliph turned to the prisoner, "I intercede on his behalf that you be released from him."

"O Ameerul Momineen, I forgive him and release him from my obligation to me."

"What more can be done?" smiled the Caliph. For the remainder of his life he marvelled at the exemplary mercy shown by the prisoner.



365 STORIES (PART-4)

"All right Mother I am off..."

"Have you checked your bag? Is everything there?"

"Oh no! Some books are still lying on my bed!" He ran to his bed and stuffed them into his bag. As he ran out he made sure he didn't forget his lunch bag.



Sitting on the bus he was thinking to himself. What has gone wrong today...this has never happened to me before... As he sat at the stop. He looked around in surprise.

The bus had a flat tyre! "Oh no! I will be late," he muttered.

"That can't be helped now," remarked the bus driver. The bus reverberated with the buzz of pupils talking at the same time. They were all worried but they could do nothing. When they reached the school the assembly was separated the children who had arrived late. After the assembly, when the pupils had returned to the bus... "Why are you late?" the driver turned to them, "Why are you late?" stammered one of the pupils.

365 STORIES (PART-4)

“In the basement,” sobbed the woman, “down the hall and to the left.”

In spite of Mary’s protests John grabbed the water hose and soaked his clothes, put his wet handkerchief on his head and bolted for the basement which was full of smoke and scorching hot. He found the door and grabbed two children, holding one under each arm like the football player he was.

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365 STORIES (PART-4)

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Upon listening to these remarks of the captive the Caliph remained for a while, his head bowed down. Then he said,

365 STORIES (PART-4)

“The Banu Umayya have oppressed the Muslims and acquired their wealth by illegitimate means. Being the agent of the Muslims and guardian of their interests I desire that all ill-gotten wealth be returned to the Bait ul Maal.”

“What you say is unacceptable until you present evidence that the wealth in my possession is really of that belonging to the Banu Ummayya which they acquired through cruelty and oppression. I say this because there was, without doubt, such property that was acquired through entirely legitimate means.”

Listening to his words the Caliph again fell into a reverie. He then said to his Vizier, Rabi,

“This man speaks the truth; assuredly he is not in our debt.” Having said that, he turned to the prisoner, “Do you need anything?” The prisoner replied,

“Yes! One thing I would ask of you is that this letter be sent without delay to my home so that they can be in peace upon hearing that I am well: they had been acutely worried to hear of my presence here. Secondly, I would require that that person be brought before me who had brought this accusation against me because, by Allah, I do not have anything belonging to Banu Umayya. When I was brought to stand before you I gave that answer which would get me released the quickest.”

The Caliph sent for the accuser and upon sighting him the prisoner cried out, “O Ameerul Momineen! He is my slave and he has escaped with 3,000 dinars from my money!”

The Caliph flushed with anger, “Is this true?”

365 STORIES (PART-4)

“Yes, it is and I am guilty of all that he has said.” Now the Caliph turned to the prisoner, “I intercede on his behalf that you pardon him.”

“O Ameerul Momineen, I forgive him and release him of his obligation to me.”

“What more can be done?” smiled the Caliph. For the remainder of his life he marvelled at the exemplary mercy shown by the prisoner.



365 STORIES (PART-4)

Why did it happen?

“Zahid, my son, get up. Look at the sunshine outside.” Hearing his mother’s voice from the kitchen, Zahid spoke drowsily, “Yes, Mother dear.”

“Listen, I know that you have been studying till late at night but, son, you have to get up, to prepare for school...”

“All right...getting up”, Zahid sat up in bed. Rubbing his eyes he glanced at the clock. His school bus arrived in 15 to 20 minutes. He leapt from the bed into the shower. As he emerged, he felt something gnawing at the back of his mind. He dismissed the thought and began to prepare for school. As he put his shirt on he noticed a button missing.

“Mother! My shirt is missing a button!”

“I am coming,” she said. She sewed it on and returned to his domestic chores. Zahid began to put on his socks...to discover that one was missing. To his irritation, he couldn’t find it. He looked everywhere and found it lying near the window. When he reached downstairs, everyone was having breakfast. As he raised his glass of milk to his lips, the school bus horn blared. The glass slipped from his fingers and broke into a thousand fragments. He looked at his Mother in bewilderment but she said, “Have another one, dear.”

He took the glass and drank, taking three breaths. During this while the bus kept on honking.

365 STORIES (PART-4)

“All right Mother I am off...”

“Have you checked your bag? Is everything there?”

“Oh no! Some books are still lying on my bed!” He ran to his bed and stuffed them into his bag. As he ran out he made sure he didn't forget his lunch bag.



Sitting on the bus he was thinking to himself. What has gone wrong today...this has never happened to me before... As he sat sunk deep in thought he was jolted into consciousness by the bus suddenly coming to a stop. He looked around in surprise.

The bus had a flat tyre! “Oh no! I will be late for school!” he muttered.

“That can't be helped now,” remarked the boy sitting next to him. The bus reverberated with the buzz of pupils talking to each other at the same time. They were all worried but they couldn't do anything. At long last, the punctured tyre was replaced and they continued on their way. When they reached the school the assembly was in session. The Principal separated the children who had arrived late into a queue. Zahid joined in. After the assembly, when the pupils had all proceeded to their classes, the Principal turned to them, “Why are you late?”

“I...I...our bus...,” stammered Zahid. Another boy spoke up and informed the principal of what had happened. The Principal looked to the bus driver for confirmation.

“Yes sir, our bus had a flat tyre.”

“Alright! You can all go to your classes now.” The Principal left.

365 STORIES (PART-4)

They all ran to their classes. As Zahid entered his class he saw that half the period had elapsed. His whole day was a series of unfortunate incidents. His Mathematics copy he had left at home... his pencil sharpener had been dropped somewhere... an Economics question had been left unsolved.

The next was a science period. The teacher was on leave so the students were up to no good. A couple of friends decided that it would be a good idea to drop ink on him and then empty a bottle of water over his head. To make things worse, when he was seated during the break eating his lunch out of his lunch box, a tall boy bumped into him and made him drop his lunchbox, soiling all his food. He was perturbed. Why was all this happening today? He was lost in his thoughts when a shout arose from his right. He saw his friends Asif and Amjad scuffling: Asif was grasping Amjad by the collar. He leapt towards them and was trying to separate the two when Asif's fist connected with his forehead. He sat down, stunned. The fight was ended by some other boys who had gathered there. When he got home after school he was quite worried. Reading his expression his mother asked,

“What’s the matter? Is everything all right?”

“It’s nothing,” he said quickly and went to his room. His mother stayed, watching him leave.



When he came home in the evening from the playground he was grimacing in pain and holding his shoulder. When his mother saw this she hurried to his side,

“What’s wrong?!?”

365 STORIES (PART-4)

“Nothing... it was only a ball,” he smiled.

“Only a ball!”

“No, No, Mother, it’s nothing... don’t you worry.”

“You be in pain and I remain aloof... that’s not possible, my dear.”

“Mother dearest,” he lovingly embraced her.



“Mother!”

Hearing his call at night, his mother rushed to his room. “What’s wrong?”

“I was troubled the whole day today,” he said in a low voice.

“What do you mean?” she said in amazement.

Zahid narrated the whole days account. At the end he said,

“But Mother, I have come to know the real reason for everything.”

“And what is that?”

“The explanation is that today I did not pray Fajr in the morning. I realized it very late. I slept very late yesterday because I was studying and couldn’t wake up in the morning. Shaitan overpowered me... but I will never again give him such an opportunity... Insha Allah. I will do my homework on time and sleep early.”

“You are absolutely right...once the same thing happened to me.”

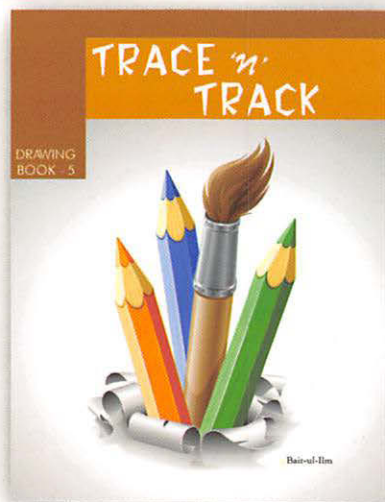
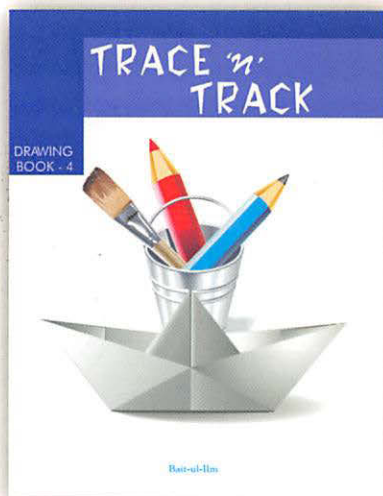
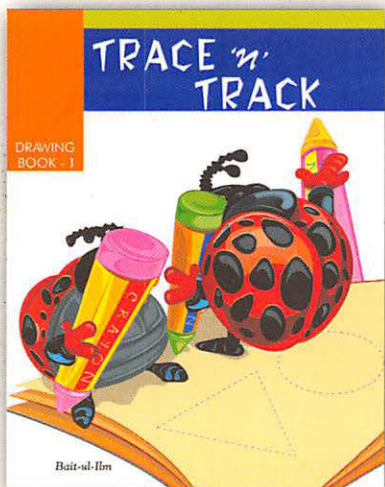
Upon hearing these words Zahid was stunned, “Really?”

His mother smiled.

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